



No. 341.—Vol. XXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



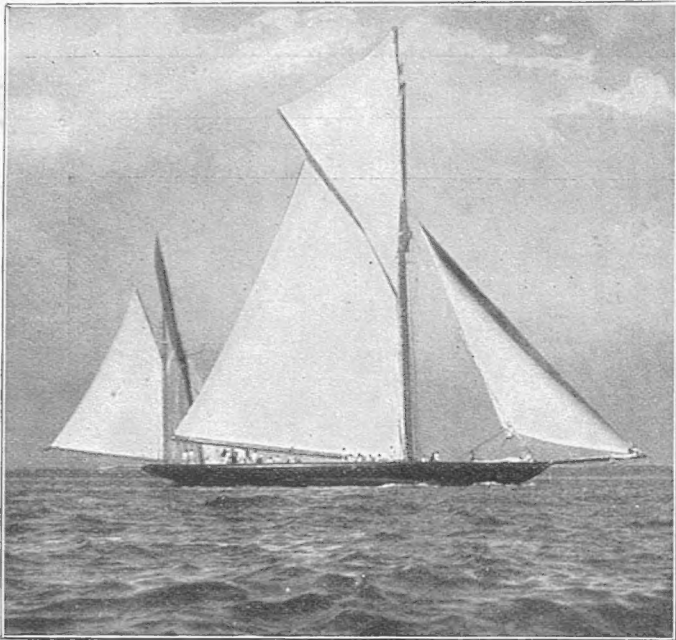
FOUR DUKES IN DIRECT SUCCESSION.

This unique picture, taken by Messrs. Russell, of Baker Street, shows the Duke of Richmond and his son, the Earl of March (born 1845), his grandson, Lord Settrington (born 1870), and his great-grandson (born 1899). They all bear the names of Charles Henry Gordon-Lennox, and the last three may succeed the present Duke. Every one of the six Dukes of Richmond has been called Charles. The Queen particularly values the friendship of the present Duke.

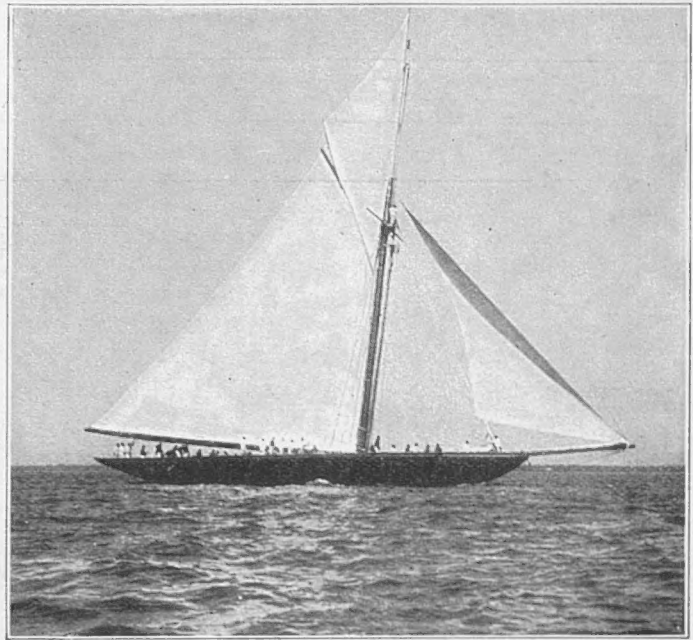
"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE "METEOR," "BRITANNIA," AND COWES MARINE PARADE.

Ascot, the 'Varsity match at Lord's, Goodwood, and Cowes are the great Society functions in what may be termed the sporting arena, and although Cowes comes last, it is by no means least. The annual foregathering of yachtsmen and yachts is a beautiful and soul-inspiring sight, and, although sailing may seem slow from shore compared with horse-racing or cricket, a tremendous amount of enthusiasm is aroused, which reaches its culminating point at the finish of the race for the

discernible on his countenance, which was protected from a scorching sun not only by a Panama straw, but also by a white umbrella. The boats went the old course round the Lymington Spit Buoy, and finished between the mark-boat and the Castle flagstaff. When they passed the Spit Buoy only a second divided the royal boats, but from there the English yacht gradually dropped away and failed by 1 min. 40 sec. On the previous day the *Meteor* had made a good start by winning the



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VICTORIOUS YACHT, "METEOR."



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S YACHT, "BRITANNIA."

Queen's Cup—the Blue Riband of the yachting world. There may have been years when more yachts were seen in the Solent, but there were quite enough last week in the roadways to make a brilliant scene. Chief interest, of course, centred round the doings of the German Emperor's *Meteor* and the Prince of Wales's *Britannia* in the race for the Queen's Cup, an event which is open only to members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. A keener finish to a big contest could not have been wished for, but Englishmen generally and yachtsmen in particular naturally could not help feeling just a little regret that the German Emperor's beautiful yacht had beaten the *Britannia*, and taken the trophy to the Fatherland. The Prince appeared to be—and, no doubt, was—extremely excited over the result of the race, his eagerness being easily

chief event of the Royal London Club. She scored her third victory on Wednesday, carrying off the prize of £100 offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron, and her fourth on Thursday, taking unto herself the handsome cup offered by the town of Cowes. A pleasant touch was the courteous speech made by the Prince at the annual dinner of the Royal Yacht Squadron on the Tuesday night, when he congratulated his Majesty on winning the Queen's Cup, and regretted that he had been unable to accept the Queen's invitation to be present at the regatta. There were any amount of pretty ladies to be seen watching the races, notable among whom were Lady Mar and Kellie, Mrs. Willie James, Mrs. George Keppel, Mrs. Cecil Leigh, and Lady Fitzgerald. Lord Lonsdale represented the German Emperor.



COWES MARINE PARADE ON THE QUEEN'S CUP DAY.



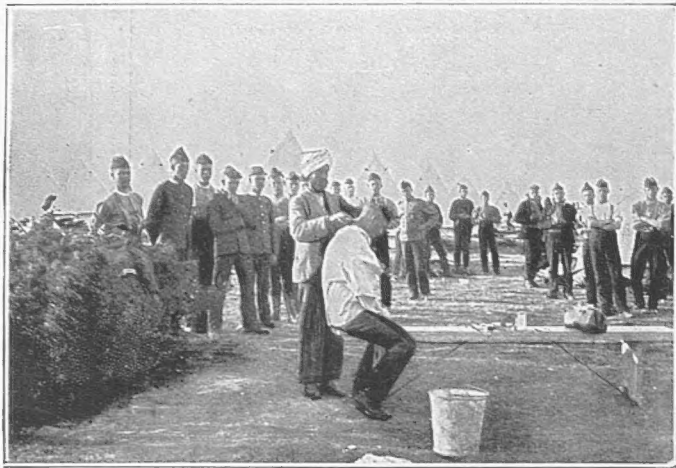
MDLLE. ADELINÉ GENÉE, THE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE OF "ROUND THE TOWN AGAIN,"
AT THE EMPIRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

"OH! TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS, YOU'RE A GOOD 'UN, HEART AND HAND."

The pictures on this page illustrate some of the lesser-known sides of Army life. For instance, the barber of the Suffolk Regiment is a native of Sialkote, in the Punjab, and is called Budha. He joined the battalion in January 1898, while it was stationed at Fort Mauvel, Malta, and seems very happy and contented. The Suffolk Regiment, indeed, has had some

stationed at Perham Down Camp, have a pet fox. It was caught by Driver Goldsmith, A.S.C., when about a month old. He has reared it to its present size on small birds, which he catches for it. It is quite tame, and will follow a small Pomeranian dog about the camp. The Highland Light Infantry have an ibex, given by the British Consul at



THE BARBER OF THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT IS A PUNJABEE.
Photo by Captain F. J. W. Porter, R.A.M.C.

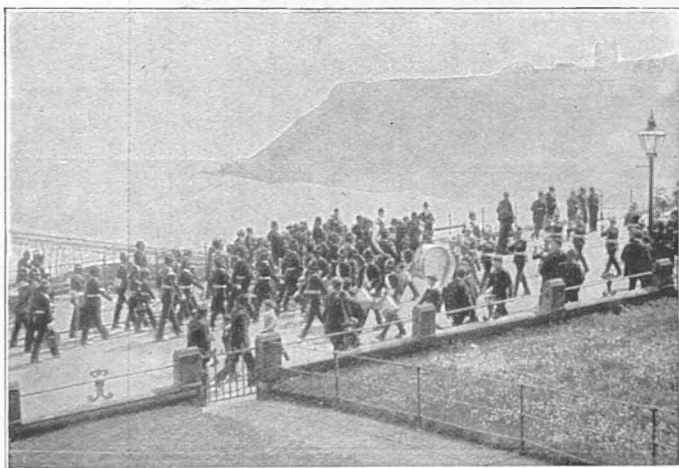


AFRICANS IN TRAINING IN ENGLAND.
Photo by Captain F. J. W. Porter, R.A.M.C.

curious experiences in the way of colour. Quite recently it has had attached to it some Africans belonging to the Hausa force, Lagos Constabulary, who have come to England for a course of English training in drill, which they finish in September, returning to West Africa at the end of October, after having spent a month in London sight-seeing. They are in possession of the following medals: Ashanti,

Canea, Crete, to Captain Hamilton last August. It was then three months old, and was very wild. It was handed over to Private Smith, and he has brought it up. The pretty creature now trots at the head of the regiment on a route-march or at a march past, and never requires to be led.

At first sight, it seems absurd to say that a regiment can meet itself



A REGIMENT MEETING ITSELF: CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS.
From a Photograph.



THE ARMY POST OFFICE CORPS.
Photo by Captain F. J. W. Porter, R.A.M.C.

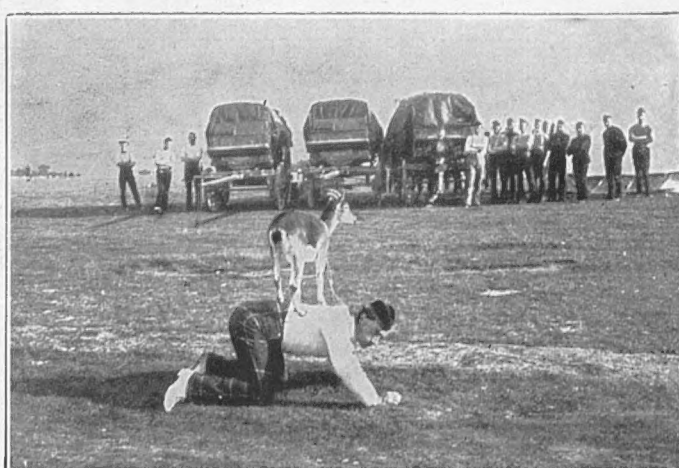
1873 and 1896-7; Coomassie, 1896; Jebu, 1892; and Jubilee, 1897. The men who form the Army Post Office Corps are employés of the General Post Office and are Volunteers. The tent partly seen in the background is the Post Office, and the lettering in front has been done with flints.

Tommy is very fond of animals. Thus the Army Service Corps,

on the march, and yet this apparent impossibility can be accomplished, as the photograph herewith shows. The regiment is the 3rd Yorkshire, and the bodies meeting are the Protestants and the Catholics, the latter returning from and the former going to Sunday morning service at church. The Catholics, headed by the drums and fifes, are marching down the road, and the other and main body are marching up.



THE PET FOX OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS.
Photo by Captain F. J. W. Porter, R.A.M.C.



THE PET IBEX OF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.
Photo by Captain F. J. W. Porter, R.A.M.C.



"FROM CELLAR COOL."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

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	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Paddington	...	5 50	7 25	8 50	9 0	9 30	10 30	10 35	10 45	11 30	11 45	11 45	11 45
Weymouth
Guernsey
Jersey
Minehead	...	11 55	1 0
Ilfracombe
Exeter	...	11 53	12 12
Dawlish	...	11 21	11 45
Teignmouth	...	11 34	12 59
Torquay	...	12 20	1 37
Plymouth (Mill Bay)	...	12 53	2 3
Newquay
Falmouth
St. Ives
Penzance
Tenby
Dolgelly
Barmouth
Aberystwyth

	dep.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	night.	night.
Paddington	...	1 15	2 10	3 0	6 0	9 0	9 15	9 45	12 0	12 10	12 10
Weymouth
Guernsey
Jersey
Minehead	...	6 50	...	8 25
Ilfracombe	9 29
Exeter	...	5 51	...	7 22	11 6	2 18
Dawlish	...	6 13	...	8 14	11 28
Teignmouth	...	6 26	...	7 52	11 39	3 0
Torquay	...	7 9	...	8 30	12 17	3 40
Plymouth (Mill Bay)	...	7 46	...	9 10	1 0	4 35
Newquay
Falmouth	...	10 40
St. Ives
Penzance	...	11 2
Tenby
Dolgelly
Barmouth
Aberystwyth

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Income, 1898 - - - £736,947.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

How the memorials of our Royal Family grow! The latest is the bust of the Queen, by Mr. Onslow Ford, that has been placed in the Royal Isle of Wight Infirmary and County Hospital at Ryde, and which Princess Henry of Battenberg unveiled the other day. The Corporation of Ryde presented the Queen with an Address of Welcome.

Two years ago in the Jubilee Procession of 1897 there rode a strikingly picturesque figure in a magnificent white-and-gold uniform who looked every inch a soldier, from the crown of his turban, a long fold of which fluttered down behind, to the spurs on his high jack-boots. In the Academy this year, on one of the large canvases picturing her Majesty's arrival at St. Paul's, a glimpse of this figure—by no means a portrait—may be traced; it was observed by thousands as one of the most noteworthy in the grandest historic pageant London has ever known. The crowds in the streets which cheered that Eastern cavalier did not know that his full title was Maharaj Dhiraj Sir Pratap Singh, G.C.S.I., a Colonel in her Majesty's Army and Aide-de-Camp to the Prince of Wales; still less that he had been Chief Minister of a powerful Rajput State for nearly twenty years. They took him on his merits as part of the show, guessing, no doubt, that he was of high rank, and represented,



A MAHARAJ WHO IS AN "A.D.C." TO THE PRINCE OF WALES AND WAS WOUNDED WHEN FIGHTING FOR US IN TIRAH.

Photo by Johnston and Hoffman, Calcutta.

with the splendid body-guard of Indian Cavalry, a loyal East grateful for the benefits of her Majesty's rule.

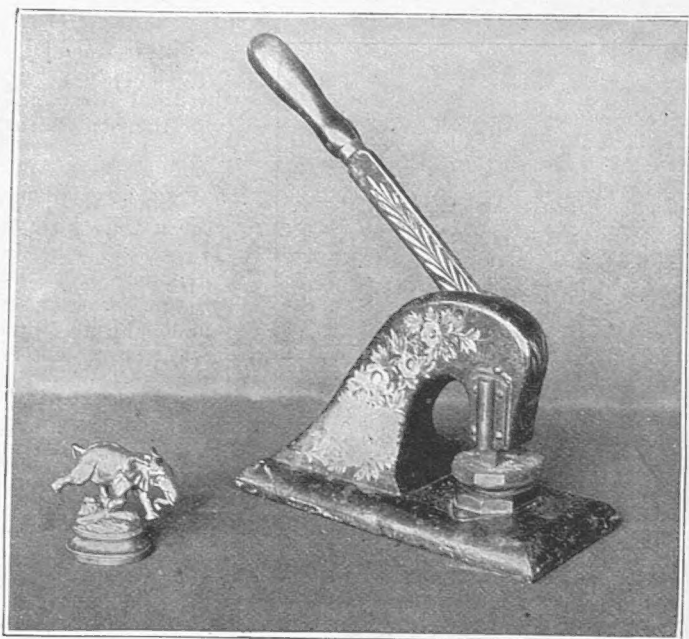
Since then, leaving for a time his post as Prime Minister of Jodhpore, Sir Pratap Singh has seen service and been wounded while a volunteer on the staff of a British General in the late Frontier Campaign conducted by Sir William Lockhart. He still cherishes the hope of one day leading the Rahtor cavalry, maintained for Imperial service by the Jodhpore State, which he raised and commands, against the enemies of Great Britain. Soldier as he is by instinct and training, the important services he has rendered as Minister to his own State and also to the Paramount Power almost forbid their sharing this hope. His many friends in England as well as in India trust he may long be spared to give further proofs of civil rather than military capacity, for it is as an enlightened, public-spirited, fearless administrator that he will best be known to history. In private life he will long be remembered as the most generous and genial of hosts, brave as a lion and a great horseman, the captain of at one time the best polo-team in India, and as having other claims to affectionate admiration which he might not like to see made public. To say that he is a jolly good fellow all round may seem familiar; yet it is true.



THE QUEEN AT RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Photo by F. N. Broderick, Ryde.

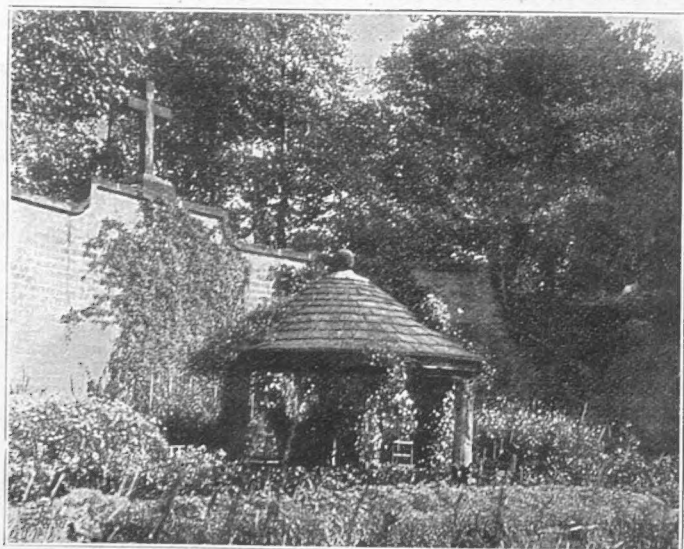
I went to "El Capitan" the other evening for the first time, my dramatic critic having criticised it in the ordinary course of affairs. The night was warm—the play was not, so that I quite enjoyed it; but I am writing this paragraph in praise of Miss Jessie Mackaye, whose inveterate



KING IOBENGULA'S SEAL AND THE LEVER PRESS FOR WORKING IT.
Photo by Gear, Chidley, and Co.

good-humour, brightness, and thrilling interest in her work strike me as being exceptional. Miss Mackaye has been playing the part during the greater part of this year, and yet she appeared in it the other night with as much vivacity as if she were playing it for the first time. It is this same vivacity in the chorus which has made "The Belle of New York" possible for such a long time. The ordinary chorus-girl, in nine cases out of ten, looks painfully tired or horribly bored. I do think the girls we get in some of these American companies show a tremendous sense of life from first to last. I wish our chorus-girls could believe that, by abjuring listlessness, the roller would go down all the sooner and they would charm us more.

I have been over a number of *Notes and Queries* for the last seven years, for nothing amuses me more than looking through an old file of a newspaper. *Notes and Queries* is interesting at all times, but that interest seems to increase as the numbers grow older. I came across one of the queries dealing with titled ladies thrice married. The writer refers to the well-known story of Lady Elizabeth Percy, who married, first, when she was fourteen, Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle; secondly, before she was sixteen, Mr. Thynne, of the Bath family, known as "Tom of Ten Thousand," who was murdered afterwards in Pall Mall; and when she was sixteen she became the wife of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, by whom she had thirteen children. The writer goes on to say (he was writing in September 1893) that "it remains for another cuttle-fish to go one better or—wait for Miss Cissie Loftus"! So you see an antiquary can sometimes be a prophet!



THE FIRST CROSS ERECTED IN ENGLAND AFTER THE REFORMATION.
Photo by C. F. Shaw.

The pretty corner of an old garden depicted in the accompanying photograph was taken in the grounds of Walton Hall, near Wakefield. This beautiful country seat was once the home of Squire Waterton, the far-famed "South American Wanderer." He, being a devoted follower

of the Roman Church, had numerous crosses erected in various parts of the grounds, and the one seen on the wall above the little bandstand was the first erected in this country after the Reformation.

It is not for nothing that Miss Braddon has written something like three-score novels. Few popular writers of our time have achieved a more steady and continuous share of pecuniary success, or have brought to the work of authorship a larger measure of business aptitude. The results are seen in the two delightful homes between which the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" divides her time. In Lichfield House, Richmond, Miss Braddon possesses one of those ample, restful Early Georgian houses with which the neighbourhood abounds; but she has of late spent a good deal of time in spring and summer at her new red-brick retreat in the New Forest. Annesley Bank, as the house is called, is only a few minutes' walk from Lyndhurst, the Forest capital, and although the back gives upon the road, the front commands a lovely stretch of secluded woodland, with scarcely a building in view. At present the bright red of Annesley Bank looks a trifle raw, but already creepers are beginning to climb its walls and festoon its windows. Miss Braddon does her writing in the French-château-like turret in the centre of the photograph.

The President of the French Republic will spend the vacation at the famous Château of Rambouillet, which, as it is but an hour and a-half from Paris, will enable him to be present at the weekly Cabinet Councils. The fame of Rambouillet is not in its architecture. Each succeeding age for six centuries has collaborated at its making, with a composite result which the art critic would be puzzled to name. It is a charming residence, for all that. One enters by a great staircase into a vast antechamber, which has a little chapel at the farther end. Off from this opens a series of reception-rooms leading to the President's working cabinet, the whole lined with superb wood-carvings and paintings of the eighteenth century. Beyond the cabinet is a private drawing-room, where the President may invite whom he likes to a party of cards or



MISS BRADDON LIVES HERE: ANNESLEY BANK, IN THE NEW FOREST.
Photo by Harvey, Lyndhurst.

chess. Here is kept the great box, containing everything ever imagined in the way of elegant parlour-games, which was bought in 1855 for ten thousand francs by the Empress Eugénie. This room was once the boudoir of Marie Antoinette, and her name is still to be seen cut on a window-pane there.

One of its glories as a summer residence is a great hall, marvellously decorated by Louis XV., detached from the rest, with walls seven feet thick that keep it always fresh and cool, and where it is delicious to dawdle the hot afternoons away. The first- and second-floor rooms are extremely high, while those on the third floor, divided into small bedrooms, are so low that the ceiling may be touched with the hand. They say it was in one of these little boxes that the magnificent Francis I. yielded up his last breath.

The windows of the Château open out on one side upon a Court of Honour, reached by mysterious corridors after the Italian manner, and on the other side they look out over the magnificent park, with its lake and its classic wood, where the beauties of Louis XV.'s Court chased in the guises of Diana and her nymphs. Other manners to other days. Madame Loubet will content herself with regarding from the terrace the Bengal-fires and sky-rockets which the Prefect of the Department promises to light in her honour.

I was shown a very curious will the other day, in which a poor spinster, after piously remembering twenty small charities, left the following bequests—

I wish my nephew to have my large desk, my large tin trunk, and my small album; my friend Mrs. — my best Bible; Miss — Farrar's "Life of Christ"; Miss — my little fruit-knife and "Memorials of J. K. Havergal"; Miss — spoon for making a single cup of tea and "Israel, a Prince with God, or the Story of Jacob Retold"; Miss — also to have my little black cash-box; Miss — my gold watch I wear every day; and Mrs. — my Concordance.

The deep interest manifested by residents in the Australian parent-colony in the issue of the struggle between the supporters and opponents of the Australian Commonwealth Bill was illustrated by the enormous crowds assembled at night in front of the Sydney newspaper-offices. The hours of voting were from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., and many of the polling-places, being in remote parts of the colony, were out of the reach of telegraphic communication. All the arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Critchett Walker, the principal Under-Secretary, with the result that the returns began arriving within a few minutes of the close of the voting. From the first the Federalists had a majority, and, as it steadily increased, the enthusiasm of the assembled multitudes knew no bounds. Towards 10 p.m., when the Federal majority had reached 20,000, speeches were delivered by Mr. G. H. Reid, Colonial Premier, Mr. Edmond Barton, and other Federal leaders, amid scenes of wild excitement. In the provinces and the adjoining colonies the results of the voting were hailed with delight, and the telegraphs were busy conveying congratulatory messages to the New South Wales Premier and his brother Federalists. This illustration is from a flashlight photograph taken outside the office of the *Sydney Evening News* about 9 p.m.



ANNOUNCING THE RESULT OF THE FEDERAL VOTE IN SYDNEY.

Photo by Kerry, Sydney.

The shop at No. 23, Haymarket, which was recently vacated by Messrs. Fribourg and Pontet, the famous tobacconists and snuff-dealers, must not be confounded with the curious little old-world premises higher up, which have been in the possession of Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer

for more than two centuries past. This historic shop, which is distinguished by its original bow-front set with quaintly fashioned windows, was at one time the most fashionable resort of its kind in all London, amongst its patrons being Beau Brummel and Lord Petersham, the well-known dandy, whose remarkable collection of snuff was purchased by the firm at his death. How extensive this was may be gathered from the fact that the weighing of it alone occupied the proprietor and two of his assistants for no less a period than three entire days. Another mammoth purchase made by Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer was the collection of snuff left by George IV., which, it was stated at the time, was sufficient to fill a moderately sized coal-cellar. There have been many other famous snuff-shops in the neighbourhood of the

Haymarket, among the best-known being those of Messrs. J. Sallée and Poulet, who carried on business in Pall Mall East in 1705; of Claude Pontet, who traded at 24, Cockspur Street; and of David Urshart, who opened No. 21, Coventry Street, in 1720.



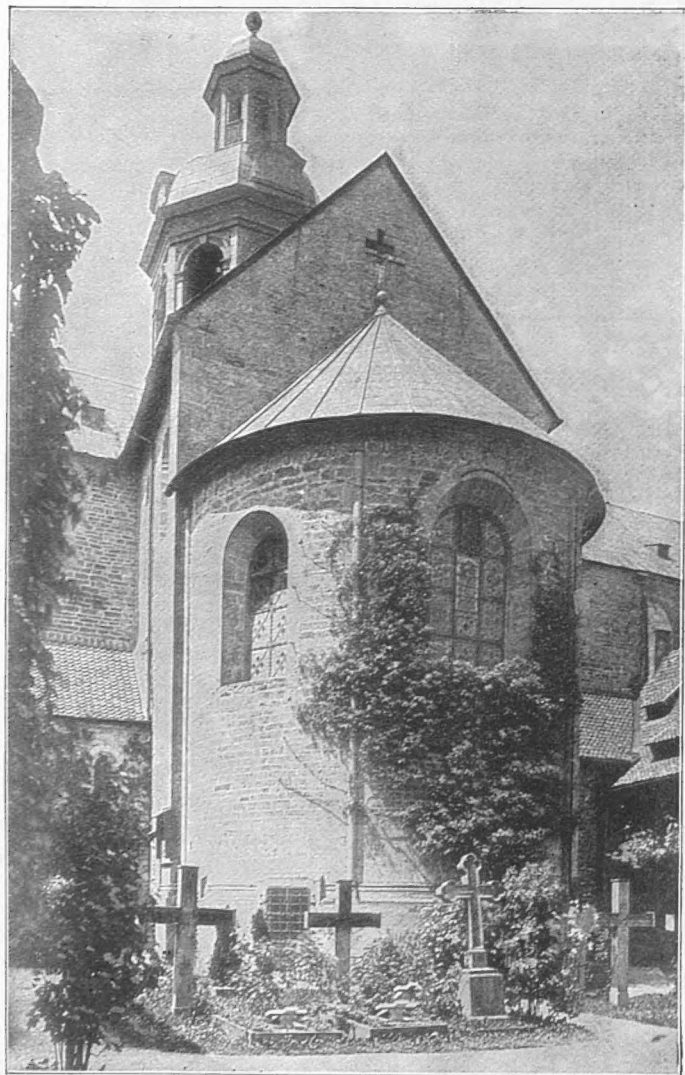
"UNCLE BONES" ON MARGATE SANDS.

In Stevenson's "Vailima Letters" occurs a passage—

Thence all to Vailima, where we read aloud a Ouida Romance we have been secretly writing, in which Haggard was the Hero, and each one of the Authors has to draw a portrait of him or herself in a Ouida light; Leigh (Capt.), Lady J(ersey), Fanny (Stevenson), R. L. S(tevenson), Belle (Mrs. Strong), and Graham (Balfour) were the Authors.

This romance was, I believe, entitled "An Object of Pity; or, The Man Haggard. A Romance by Many Competent Hands." The identity of the authors is suggested in the parentheses, while the Man Haggard was, I understand, the late W. H. D. Haggard. This rare Stevenson was privately printed at Amsterdam in 1892. Stevenson admirers will, no doubt, be interested to learn that Messrs. Maurice and Co., of Bedford Street, have now a copy of it among their scarce volumes. The dedication to Ouida from Apia and the chapter "Late, ever Late" are said to be in thoroughly Stevensonian style. One would be glad to learn something further of the writing of this odd volume from one or other of the authors.

Last winter it was said that the famous one-thousand-year-old rose-tree of Hildesheim was dying, and the quaint old town made famous by Bishop Bernward eight hundred years ago was greatly dismayed at the news. Great care was taken of it, however, and it has safely survived the winter and the changeable months of spring, and is now as flourishing as ever, and even putting forth fresh shoots. My picture shows the rose-tree as it looks at the present time, with its branches trained against the wall of the crypt of the Cathedral, which was founded by Ludwig the Pious in 822. The legend has it that he himself planted the tree; but, whatever are the real facts of the matter, there can be no doubt that the roots, if not the actual stem, are at least eight hundred years old. This was conclusively proved by the naturalist Humboldt, who was greatly interested in the matter, and who went carefully through many very old manuscripts in order to see if there were any truth in the story. Documents dating from the eleventh century state that, when Bishop Henzilo rebuilt the Cathedral in 1055-1061, after it was burnt down, he enclosed the roots of the tree within a vault, which still exists, and upon this vault he constructed the crypt, spreading out the branches upon its outer walls. The vault was specially constructed so that this might be done without interfering with the growth of the branches in any way. In 1849 the stem was

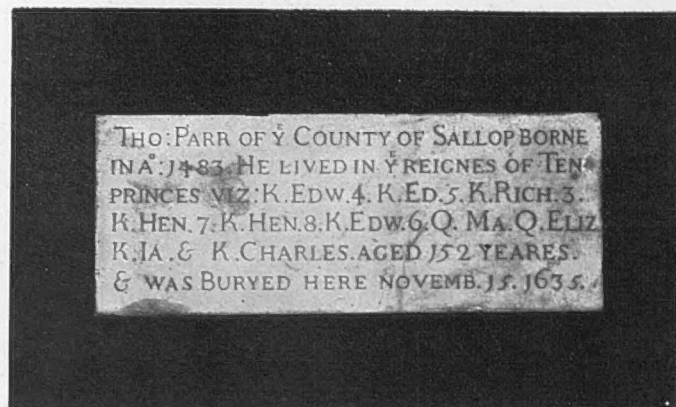


THIS ROSE-TREE AT HILDESHEIM IS 1000 YEARS OLD.

twenty-two and a-half feet high and the branches covered about thirty-two feet of the external wall; but when I lived in Hildesheim, a few years back, it was considerably larger than this, and must have been at least thirty feet high. Since then, I believe, it has been cut and trimmed a good deal, in order to make it more hardy and to prevent the threatened decay. There are so many spurious relics of ancient times to be met

with that it is to be hoped this unique old tree will remain to be the pride of Hildesheim for many years to come.

In 1898 Mr. Quaritch published a most interesting volume of Chinese poetry, translated into English verse by Mr. Herbert A. Giles, Professor



OLD PARR'S GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

of Chinese in the University of Cambridge. To the majority these poems will come as a revelation. Hundreds of years ago the Chinese had their sweet singers and philosophic dreamers and dainty love-poets. A wistful and "eternal note of sadness" pervades the book, and the refrain is "the why and the wherefore we never can know." Tai Shu-lun, in the ninth century A. D., cries—

Ah me, that ever I was born!
Is life worth living, thus forlorn?
Youth, beauty, pass; and yet, alas,
It will be spring to-morrow morn.

A more philosophic spirit writes—

Noise is not in the market-place, nor quiet on the hills.
The secret of perpetual youth is already known to me;
Accept with philosophic calm whatever fate may be.

A forerunner of Omar Khayyám is to be found in Tu Fu, who lived from 712 to 770 A. D. He says—

O wine, who gave to thee thy subtle power?
A thousand cares in one small goblet drowne.

And—

The butterfly flutters from flower to flower;
The dragon-fly sips and springs lightly away;
Each creature is merry its brief little hour,
So let us enjoy our short life while we may.

Like Chinese pictorial art, these poems seem to be *impressions*—a few words, and the picture is there. We hear the rustle of bamboo groves, and scent the "gold-threaded" willow and the blossoming peach. Here is a fugitive piece, well called a "Snap-Shot," by Li Po, A. D. 705—

A tortoise I see on a lotus-flower resting,
A bird 'mid the reeds and the rushes is nesting,
A light skiff propelled by some boatman's fair daughter,
Whose song dies away o'er the fast-flowing water.

It is so delightfully inconsequent and charming! This love-song, "To an Absent Fair One," might have been written by Byron—

After parting, dreams possessed me,
And I wandered you know where;
And we sat in the verandah,
And you sang the sweet old air.
Then I woke, with no one near me,
Save the moon still shining on,
And lighting up dead petals,
Which, like you, have passed and gone.

In a different style is the half-humorous "Apologia" of Hsieh Chin, A. D. 1369, which strikes the root of the matter—

In vain hands bent of sacrifice or clasped in prayer we see;
The ways of God are not exactly what those ways should be.
The swindler and the ruffian lead pleasant lives enough,
While judgments overtake the good and many a sharp rebuff.
The swaggering bully stalks along as blithely as you please,
While those who never miss their prayers are martyrs to disease;
And if great God Almighty fails to keep the balance true,
What can we hope that paltry mortal magistrates will do?

Altogether, we are full of admiration for the scholarly work of Mr. Giles, and grateful to him for letting us feel, albeit at second-hand—

Some far faint heart-throb of poetic souls,
Whose breath makes incense in the Flowery Land.

Colonel Mathias, who took leave the other day at Edinburgh Castle of the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, in order to assume command of the Aberdeen Regimental District, was one of the oldest soldiers in the "gay Gordons," he and Major Carlaw being the only two remaining in the regiment who returned home with the "old 75th" from Natal in 1875. Colonel Mathias has proved by long service that he is a man of action more than a man of words; his mandate to the Gordons at Dargai testified, however, that he could when occasion required speak to some purpose, and has assured immortality to his name on the roll of valiant British officers.

Looking through a publisher's list of forthcoming books, I note another volume that will swell the list of works designed to correct humanity's appetite. The new work will teach mankind to live on ten shillings a-week, and will give recipes and menus. I tire of these works. Once, finding myself in pessimistic mood, I bought a booklet, entitled "How to Live on a Shilling a-Week," and studied it carefully. The writer was an anonymous person, and, so far as could be seen, his experiment lasted one week. He bought two shillingsworth of food, and impressed his young son for the service of the great experiment. The two survived the test, but, judging from the style of the book, it left the writer in very bitter mood. He railed against meat, against tea and coffee, against wine and spirits, and against all who use them; he was content to grind maize in a coffee-grinding machine, and make delicious bread, porridge, and cakes. Apples, treacle, and a few other simple luxuries did the rest for his bill of fare. I, too, decided to live on a shilling a-week, for a day, and having laid in the stock of provisions, started in the morning to grind my maize. I quickly broke the coffee-grinder. Disaster followed disaster, and in the evening a dinner at an expensive restaurant was a necessity rather than a luxury. Since then, I have looked with suspicion upon all attempts to give humanity what is, in effect, a Barmecides' feast, and much would be done could the possessors of panaceas be compelled to live under their own system for five years before being allowed to publish. I once found a vegetarian lecturer eating a rump-steak. "My dear sir," he said, unabashed, "I am beginning to understand why there is so much strife and illness in the world. Imagine what an improved world this would be if people would give up eating such food as this."

There resides in the Parish of Inveraray, Argyllshire, an aged farmer, considerably over ninety years, who in the early years of the century was on intimate terms with the Rev. Paul Fraser, who as a youth had witnessed the last battle for the Stuart cause in this country. Here is a remarkable link with the past, uniting our own day with a historic event one hundred and fifty-three years ago, that it will not be easy to parallel.

Mr. J. Sidney Jones has a double claim to public respect. He is not only musical himself, but the cause of harmony that is in others. He is the respected Musical Director at Harrogate, where his lively airs contribute, mayhap, as much to the mental enjoyment of visitors as the famed waters of that favourite Spa



THE FATHER OF THE MAN WHO WROTE
"THE GEISHA."

Photo by Midgley Asquith, Harrogate.

do to their bodily health. One of his accomplished sons is Sidney Jones, the popular composer of "A Gaiety Girl," "The Geisha," and of the forthcoming comic opera at Daly's Theatre in London. Another son is Mr. Guy Jones, who was responsible for the music of "Bilberry of Tilbury." Mr. J. Sidney Jones was formerly Bandmaster of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and has for some years held the post of Musical Director for the Harrogate Corporation, which may be felicitated upon the appointment. I give his portrait with much pleasure.

Now is the dweller in town deciding the vexed question of holidays, and halting uncertain between the country and the seaside. I have no wish to decide his choice. I write this paragraph only to point out that the country is suffering badly from the overgrowth of big towns. In theory, the happy dweller in the country revels in fresh butter, new milk, cream, and eggs not twenty-four hours old. In practice, all or the majority of country places within two hours' journey by rail of a big town send their best to that town's market. One of my friends took a place nearly one hundred miles from London in the early part of June. He looked to the country to fulfil the best that has been said of it, without reckoning upon the railway. He soon saw eggs, butter, milk, the firstfruits of the orchard, and the plump spring chickens pass his door on the way to the insatiable capital. He had to depend upon an intermittent supply of all these good things; skimmed milk was his daily portion; the cream went to make butter he might never hope to buy, and with the salt-butter of the village he was perforce content. For poultry he was offered fowls that had lived too long already; unless the fowls excelled themselves, he lacked fresh eggs. Only the meat was fresh, for the local butcher lacked an ice-safe, and the bullock of Friday graced Saturday's table in the familiar form of beef. Fruit and vegetable were in the hands of market-gardeners and cottagers removed from want; the former sent everything up to town; the latter kept everything for their own table. My friend

talks of his forthcoming return to London in glowing terms; he is longing for the fruit, vegetables, and dairy produce of the country. Only the fresh air and constant exercise have enabled him to do without them so long. He believes now that a love of the country is best cultivated in London.

A recent paragraph that I printed dealing with the carving by the Curate of Hempstead Church has resulted in my receiving intimations of several curates who can carve. Last week, for example, I noticed the case of the Rev. Wilfrid Thorold, R.N., the Rector of Gunby Church, Lincoln, who has carved the chancel-screen, reading-desk, and ten-foot font-cover in that church. To-day I present you with a picture of the pulpit which the Rev. F. B. Allan, the priest of the Roman Catholic Church at Ulverston, has carved for himself. He has also erected an altar-screen, the panels of which have been carved in marble by Father Allan, who himself painted the oil-pictures in the reredos. Not only so, but he has ornamented the exterior of the church on the west front with a carving in stone of the Madonna. The curious part of it all is that Father Allan has never had a lesson in any of the arts. The carvings in stone and marble are absolutely his first attempts at that kind of work.



A PULPIT CARVED BY A PRIEST.

Mr. Goolamhosein Rahimtoola Khairaz is a young lad, barely seventeen, a student of St. Xavier's College, Bombay, and the son of the senior partner of the firm of Messrs. Nansee Khairaz and Co., Khoja Merchants. At an early age young Mr. Goolamhosein betrayed a strong instinct for the stage, and this taste was fostered by his teachers. He made his debut in 1895 in a play entitled "Scenes from the Hidden Gem." Although a stripling, one of the chief characters was assigned him. In December of the same year he played Salanio in "The Merchant of Venice." In the following year he played King John. In 1897 and 1898 the public were treated in the spacious hall of St. Xavier's College to the drollery of Sir John Falstaff. Last year

Mr. Goolamhosein passed the Matriculation, and he is now in the college among the dons.



AN INDIAN SCHOOLBOY AS FALSTAFF.

Photo by Hormusjee, Bombay.

I have had several queries about who is the youngest harpist. In my issue of June 14 I gave a picture of Miss Winnie Hemming, the daughter of Mr. Sidney Hemming, the harpist; while a month later I gave a picture of two children, aged four and two, who can twang the harp. Of course, they are but amateurs, while Miss Hemming, small though she be, is a skilled professional artist, and is undoubtedly the youngest harpist in the world.

Mrs. Bishop (Isabella L. Bird), the veteran lady traveller, will publish through Mr. John Murray this

autumn her latest travel-book, the title of which is only too amply descriptive—"The Yang-tse Valley and Beyond, an Account of Journeys in Central and Western China, especially in the Provinces of Sze-Chuan and among the Mant-zu of the Tsu-Kuh Shan Mountains." Her first travel-book, "The Englishwoman in America," was published in 1856.

This "krait," one of the deadliest snakes in India, was caught at Sitapur, in Oudh, by an officer of the Black Watch, in a small "Out o' Sight" mouse-trap a few weeks ago. The officer, just as he was going to bed, noticed something dart for the door of his bedroom, and, thinking



A DEADLY SNAKE CAUGHT IN A MOUSE-TRAP IN INDIA.

it to be a musk-rat, he set the trap for it, placing it against the edge of the wall, close to his bed, with the result shown in the photograph. There are a great number of snakes in this station, and now that the rains have set in it is rarely that a day passes without several poisonous ones being destroyed in the cantonment. The strong spring of the trap had evidently killed the "krait" instantaneously, as the trap had not been moved from the spot it was set in.

Towards the end of last December a political party in the city of La Paz started the cry for federation, it really being an attempt



TROOP OF BOLIVIAN MULE CAVALRY.

of the Opposition side to overthrow the Government of President Severo F. Alonso. At first the revolts were treated with contempt by the Sucre Governmental party, but when it was found that the Pazeños were purchasing arms, and intended to attack all who were not in favour of the so-called Federal movement, starting with the city of Oruro, the President, who possessed considerable mining properties near that city, was roused from his lethargy, and gathered together a few hundred badly disciplined men to march upon La Paz and quell the disturbances. On Dec. 24, 1898, this inadequate force was drawn up in the Oruro Plaza, and the illustration shows a troop of mule cavalry ready to start. Eventually they were completely conquered and put to flight by the wild Indian tribes from round about La Paz, their wounded being brutally tortured to death, according to the time-honoured customs of these savage races, and their leader, President Alonso himself, had to fly the country and take temporary refuge in Antofagasta, Chili. One need not criticise the men in this small regiment, but the mules are very fine animals, hardy and strong, and able to carry their riders over long stretches of barren country, and to cross the most dangerous parts of the mountain-passes without difficulty, where horses would be worse than useless.

Last week one of my correspondents referred to the proprietor of Lundy Island as the late Mr. Heaven. I am glad to say that Mr. Heaven is still on earth.

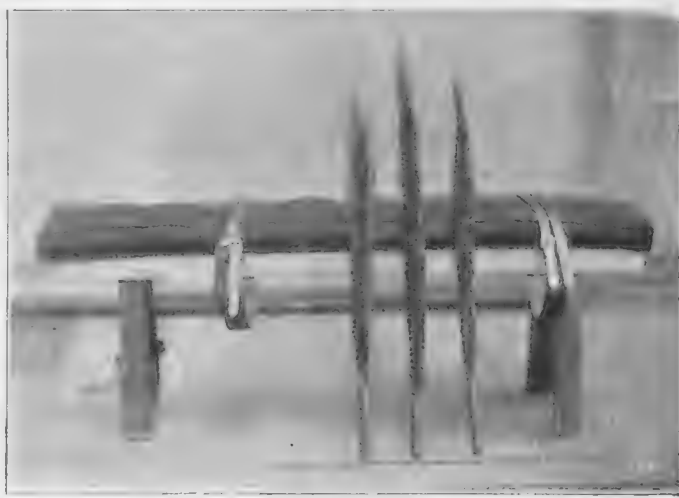
Colonel P. J. Robertson (late 92nd Gordon Highlanders), of Cliftonville, Bray, County Wicklow, Ireland, sends me a photograph of the birching apparatus, now in general use in Holland, on which juvenile offenders sentenced to a whipping are punished. He writes as follows—

The cost of this apparatus is only £5. The birches cost a few pennies, and I can give anyone the address who wishes to obtain a rod. I have long struggled to stop the brutal punishment of imprisoning young children in dark cells in solitary confinement. Now, by the Acts of Parliament that have just received her Majesty's consent, it will be illegal to send any child to prison before committal to a reformatory. The law as to the whipping of youthful offenders stands now as follows, namely: "When a child or young person being a male is convicted of any offence, other than homicide, the Court may, in substitution

for any other punishment, or instead of committing him to prison for non-payment of any fine, costs, or damages, adjudge that he be privately whipped with a birch rod, and thereupon he shall be whipped accordingly by a constable in the presence of an inspector or other officer of higher rank than a constable, and also, if the parent or guardian desires to be present, of that parent or guardian. The number of strokes shall not exceed (a) in the case of a child, six; (b) in the case of a boy who appears to the Board to be under the age of fourteen years, twelve; and (c) in any other case, eighteen."

The usual *modus operandi* is as follows, namely: On the rising of the Court the boy sentenced to be whipped is led to the room in the centre of which the whipping-bench is placed. He is first medically inspected, and, if pronounced to be in good health, he is ordered to take down his trousers and extend himself, face downwards, along the form. His arms are secured by the straps shown on the legs of the whipping-bench, and straps are passed over his body and feet. His shirt is then lifted. As soon as the culprit is bared and fully prepared for his whipping, a constable takes his stand at the side of the boy, and, after measuring his distance by once laying the birch lightly on the boy, he then delivers six strokes with a long, supple birch rod; if a dozen strokes have been ordered, when half the whipping has been inflicted the policeman moves round to the other side of the boy, and in the same manner administers the remaining half of the birching. When the whipping is over and has been evenly meted out, the straps are unfastened, and the boy is told he may rise. He loses no time in doing so, pulls up his trousers, buttons them up, and is off, never to be seen in the hands of the police again. It is to be regretted that the imprisonment of all young people under eighteen years of age has not been made illegal, and that boys up to eighteen and girls (more privately by a police matron) up to fourteen years of age could not be sentenced to a simple whipping in lieu of any other punishment. By the new Act, "When a child or young person, having been convicted of felony, is discharged in accordance with Section Sixteen of the Summary Jurisdiction Act, 1879, or is punished with whipping only, the conviction shall not be regarded as a conviction of felony for the purposes of Section Fifteen of the Industrial Schools Act 1866, or of any disqualification attaching to felony."

During the past week or two the schoolboy has had it all his own way as he fascinated his good father and mother at the annual prize-giving in the hundred-and-one schools. The great day at the school at Grays, Essex, founded and endowed by William Palmer (a citizen of London) in 1706, took place on the 24th ult., when Lady Dimsdale



A NEW BIRCHING APPARATUS.

distributed the prizes. The first place in the open competition for Essex County Council Major Scholarships for boys was secured by G. B. Sansom, and for girls by Mary Dennis, and in the Intermediate Scholarship the first and second boys and the second girl were from this school. The Headmaster, Mr. G. H. Silverwood, M.A., reported that the number of boys had trebled in the last six years, and now numbered one hundred and thirty-five, while the girls had increased to seventy-two. In the recent Cambridge Local Examination, nine boys obtained honours, including two in the First Division of the First Class, and there had been no failures for three years. In the Science and Art Department's



PALMER'S SCHOOL AT GRAYS, ESSEX.

Examinations one hundred and forty successes had been obtained. Sir Joseph Dimsdale, in replying on behalf of her ladyship, congratulated both schools on the successes, and announced that Lady Dimsdale wished to present two silver cups for competition at the sports next year.

I have never looked upon the late-lamented Queen Anne as having been at any period of her life a light-footed fairy, but the discovery of the hidden ceiling at Hampton Court, to which I referred last week, displays her (according to the imagination of the artist Verrio) in a gorgeous firmament surrounded by ladies who either have no clothes at all or the most skimpy covering in the shape of wings. The ceiling,

Newcastle. Mr. Edward Pease may be called the Father of British Railways, as he warmly supported the making of the Stockton and Darlington Railway in 1821. When George Stephenson decided to erect a factory for building locomotive-engines, Mr. Pease strongly recommended him to carry it out. A piece of land was purchased in Forth Street in August 1823, on which was erected a small building, the



ANNE AMONG THE ANGELS AT HAMPTON COURT.

which Queen Caroline covered up, either from the lack of humour or from sheer jealousy, is a quaint object-lesson in the vanished art of emblematic painting. One can hardly imagine Albert Edward being presented in the Roman toga of an earlier generation, and no artist, I take it, has the temerity to suspend his august mother amid an angelic host such as that with which Verrio ventured to encompass poor Queen Anne.

Limited liability companies are the order of the day, one of the latest being the old-established firm of Robert Stephenson and Co.,

nucleus of the great engineering firm from which he retired in 1840 with a large fortune, and, if his mantle did not exactly descend on his son Robert, a ready-made and lucrative railway connection did.

Does any *Sketch* reader possess a Fat Policeman's dress? If so, he can easily dispose of it, provided it is cheap and in good condition. Wearers of the genuine article had, I think, better not apply, as the costume, of course, is required merely for stage purposes. That Fat Policeman, I imagine, will have a warm time of it on the boards.

If you want to see a quaint old town, go to Alnwick, which remains unaffected by the tremendous industrial changes which have taken place around it. Where will you find, for instance, anything to equal the Hotspur Tower, which intersects the principal thoroughfare? This



THE TRYSTING-TREE AT ALNWICK.

Photo by Mr. W. Webster.

grim mass of masonry dates from 1450, and was part of the protection from the troublesome Scots and other Border "tykes."

Then, again, there is the "Old Plough Inn," which at one time was a feature (a hospitable feature) of the "Great North Road." Alas! the old house has, within the last two years, given place to a modern hotel. The old lintel, however, has been preserved, with its quaint distich—

That which your Father of old hath purchased, and left
You to possess, do you dearly
Hold to show his worthiness. 1714.

In the extensive ducal park adjoining the town are the ruins of two abbeys. One of the old Carmelite friars has left us his picture in stone—one of those durable fashion-plates which gives a good idea of the garb of these old worthies. Another among many features of interest in the park was the trysting-tree, and the regret is that it has to be referred to in the past tense, for this venerable oak was blown over last year. It must have been a great tree in 1624, as at that time it gave its name to the wood in which it stood. Being half-way between Alnwick and Hulne Abbeys, it was probably the meeting-place of the monks.

Few places have sprung more suddenly into public favour than Burnham-on-the-Crouch. At week-ends just now sleeping accommodation is at a premium; the hostels are always full and can charge any sum they like. Yachting is the attraction; the River Crouch is literally covered with sailing craft. I can remember Burnham when it was comparatively unknown to the yachting fraternity, and was content to rely for outside patronage upon the sportsmen who came to shoot wild-fowl and hares upon the marshes. In those days the charge for a bed was one shilling, ninepence purchased a delectable breakfast, and when you had dined simply but well, making inroads upon a well-cooked joint, eating home-grown vegetables, a modest sweet, and excellent cheese, you paid eighteenpence, and mine host was well content. Truth to tell, the accommodation and fare were worth little more. To-day you get a little more comfort and variety, and pay as much as you would at an expensive seaside resort. Happily for Burnham, there is no place within forty miles of London where the yachtsman can find such a favouring stream as the Crouch, and everywhere one sees the signs of prosperity. Perhaps the shooting-men who come when the yachts are laid up grumble at the extraordinary prices for mediocre accommodation, but Burnham is independent and adamant; if you would grumble you may go elsewhere.

Perhaps the last place where one would expect to find a practical engine-driver and fitter would be among the officers of the Queen's

Guards. Yet Lieutenant F. E. W. Hervey-Bathurst, of the Grenadiers—who has just accepted an appointment in the British South Africa Company's service—is an expert where machinery is concerned, and his hobby is engine-driving. This he turned to practical account in the Sudan Expedition, for while the Grenadiers were travelling on the Desert Railway, the locomotive drawing the train broke down, and the native driver declared that it was impossible to proceed, as the engine was hopelessly disabled. However, Lieutenant Bathurst determined to try his hand, and, discovering what was wrong, at once made the necessary repairs, and set the engine again in motion, much to the gratification of the "Tommies," who naturally did not like being stranded in the middle of the desert in a broken-down train. Lieutenant Bathurst's ingenuity should make him a useful man in Rhodesia.

So the 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers are coming home at last. They will be relieved at Cairo by the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars at the end of October, and will come by the *Simla* to Southampton, being due the second week of November—not the most cheerful season of the year to reach England. The last appearance of the 21st on a gala occasion at home was at the Jubilee Review at Aldershot in 1887, when, as the 21st Hussars, they formed part of the Light Cavalry Brigade, with the 10th and 18th Hussars and the 5th Lancers. Leaving for India as the 21st Hussars, they now return as the "Empress of India's Lancers," after an absence of rather more than twelve years. This will be only the second home-coming of the regiment, for after its formation in India in 1861 it remained there for some fifteen years, being formed as Light Dragoons and coming home as Hussars. Now, with "Khartoum" as an "honour," the 21st return as the "Empress of India's Lancers," having in a period of less than forty years been Bengal Light Cavalry, Light Dragoons, Hussars, and Lancers, which is a record for the British Army.

Another survivor of the Balaclava Charge has just passed away in the person of Trumpet-Major W. Perkins. Although he was not, like Gray, Lord Cardigan's trumpeter, he was field-bugler to the Colonel commanding the 11th Hussars on that fateful day. Indeed, Perkins was a "Cherry-Picker" from his birth, for he was born in the regiment, and enlisted as trumpeter when a boy. He was struck by a spent ball when returning from the charge, and, his horse being killed under him, he got back on foot. For many years Perkins had been employed at the Royal Exchange as an attendant, and he died within three weeks of taking to his bed. He never married, but he leaves a widowed mother, nearly ninety years old, whom he had maintained for years. As was fitting, his mother was a "daughter of the regiment," for she was born in the old 55th, once "The Westmoreland," but now the "2nd Border." It is not



CARMELITE MONK, HULNE ABBEY, ALNWICK.

Photo by Mr. W. Webster.

often that a man of seventy-one leaves a mother to mourn his loss. One can hardly help thinking that trumpet-blowing must be a fairly healthy occupation, for certainly the survivors of the famous Charge seem to have had their full quota of trumpeters.

Miss Clara Palmer is the youngest daughter of the late Dr. Palmer, of Flaxton, near York, and has made a novel and decided "hit" among the professional entertainers of London Society. Miss Palmer is a harpist. Our great-grandmothers played the harpsichord, and a solitary lady at the harp is sometimes seen in an orchestra, but for social purposes this instrument had long been as mute as the harp which hangs on Tara's walls. A born musician, a singer, with a happy talent for recitation, Miss Palmer has given the harp a new vogue in the drawing-room. It is no longer a rather unwieldy instrument which overshadows the player. Miss Palmer makes it accompany her own personality, which is singularly picturesque, sings to it, pats it affably, and puts it in a corner when she recites for a change—in short, keeps it in its place. As this combination is quite new to a jaded Society, Miss Palmer had an immediate success when she came out as a professional about eighteen months ago, and bids fair to maintain a position which is in its way unique.

The Parliamentary Session has left its mark on Mr. Arthur Balfour. At last he begins to lose the lingering traits of a young man. His face lightens up less easily and frequently than was its habit in the past, and his hair has become very thin. Only a few years have passed since grey first touched the curl behind the ear. The dreaded colour spread slowly for a time, but within the last few months it has run all through the hair. "A grey-headed Mr. Balfour will be a type of benignant dignity. Yet one will regret the sprightly Mr. Balfour who ruled Ireland with the iron hand and played golf into universal fame. The Leader of the House has completed his fifty-first year. Only one of his Cabinet colleagues looks younger, namely, the fresh-faced Mr. Walter Long. "Dod," however, shows that Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Mr. Akers-Douglas are also his juniors. It is to be hoped he will live for many years to play the part of the gentlemanly Leader. This Minister or that Minister may shoot up into greater notoriety, but Mr. Balfour keeps his hold on the esteem of members. "Affection" is a strong word to use in relation to politics; but, if any statesman is viewed with affection, it is the Leader of the House of Commons. It is quite certain that nobody dislikes Mr. Balfour—not even the Nationalists whom he sent to prison.

Sir Henry "C.B." enters on the Recess with lively feelings of satisfaction. His first Session as Leader of the Opposition has proved as successful as his most admiring friend anticipated. If he has not given the party soul-stirring inspiration or even a fresh cry, he has at least driven out disaffection and intrigue. Canniness and pawky humour have been elevated by "C.B." to fine Parliamentary arts. By the aid of

these arts he has not only avoided offence, but has raised the spirits of the party, put it on good terms with itself, and inspired it with confidence. He has contrived even to secure the co-operation of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley. The discipline of the party is not yet perfect, and, indeed, may never be; but even Mr. Labouchere has occasionally—to use his own word—"rallied" to the new Leader. On "C.B." himself the effect of the new duties seems to have been entirely favourable. Although he has been constant in attendance, listening to bores as well

as to Chamberlains and Birrells (if such names can be given in the plural), he has wound up the Session in admirable health and spirits. It was said of him for many years that he was lazy. Nobody could accuse him of laziness in his new post, unless he showed that quality by refraining from unnecessary speech. He appears to have enjoyed the fresh importance given to him by Leadership, and yet he has denied his lieutenants no opportunities of distinguishing themselves, and has put on no airs in his attitude to the rank and file.

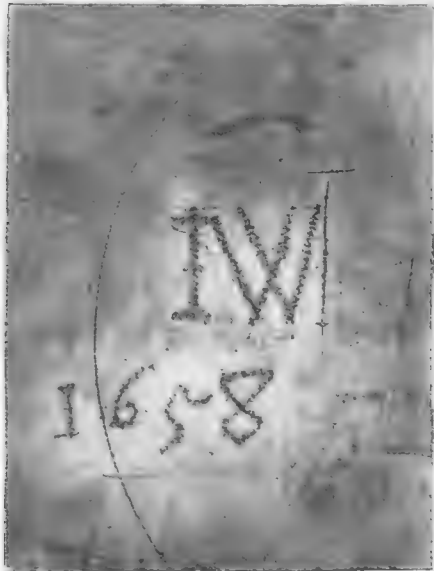
The decision of the Provisional Committee to erect a mural tablet in some part of the House of Commons to the memory of the Right Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., the late "Father" of the Lower Chamber, will establish a precedent which is not without interest. Hitherto, the brass tablets which are so conspicuous a feature in many parts of the Palace of Westminster have been used to indicate points of historic interest only, and not the memory of any great personality in either House of Parliament. There are tablets, for instance, in Westminster Hall denoting the archway through which Charles I. passed when he endeavoured to arrest the five members, as well as the spot where the death sentence was subsequently pronounced upon that unfortunate monarch. There are also brasses indicating the site of the old Legislative Chamber, the position which the Earl of Strafford occupied during his impeachment for high treason, and one erected only a few months ago to indicate the exact situation of the famous Star Chamber. Now that the personal element is to be introduced into these interesting memorials, it is surely worth the Committee's attention to consider whether the

names of the whole of the Parliamentary "Fathers" of the House of Commons during the Victorian era could not be inscribed on a large monumental brass erected in some commanding position. In that case, the following most interesting list of names would be placed on record for all time—George Byng (1832-46), Charles Watkin Williams-Wynn (1846-50), Sir Charles Merrik Burrell (1850-62), Henry Cecil Lowther (1867-73), George Cecil Weld Forester (1873-84), Christopher Rice Mansel Talbot (1874-90), Charles Pelham Villiers (1890-8), Sir John Robert Mowbray (1898-9), and Mr. W. W. B. Beach (1899).



MISS CLARA PALMER.
From a Portrait painted by T. B. Kennington.

The Sardinian Chapel in Sardinia Street (formerly Duke Street), Lincoln's Inn Fields, which will shortly have to be demolished to make way for the new street from Holborn to the Strand, has had a chequered and eventful history. Built in 1648, and dedicated to Saints Anselm and Cecilia, it is the oldest Roman Catholic Church in London, and was originally attached to the residence of the Sardinian Ambassador. It was sacked in the No-Popery disturbances of 1688, and its fittings burnt, while less than a hundred years later—in the Gordon Riots of 1780—the old edifice was burnt, only two chalices being rescued from the havoc of the flames. Upon the suppression of the riots, the chapel was rebuilt and considerably enlarged; and then occurred its palmy days. It became famous for fine music, and thither all the fashion of the town would flock to hear such famous opera-singers as Malibran, Lablache, Rubini, Persiani. Since the rise of



IZAACK WALTON GRAVED HIS INITIALS ON THE CASAUBON TOMB IN THE ABBEY.

other churches, however, its vogue has been gradually on the wane, and the present congregation consists of those folk who are neither rich nor renowned. The altar-piece is by Benjamin West, and depicts the Taking Down from the Cross. In the old building, Nollekens the sculptor was baptised in 1737, while in the present structure, which is not beautiful, Fanny Burney was married to General d'Arblay (1793). A body of Franciscans was associated with the chapel in the reign of James II.

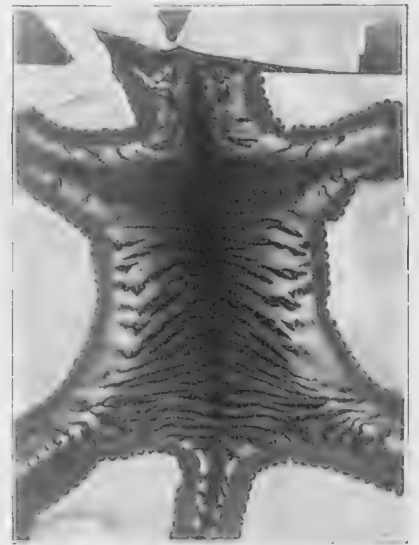
In a dark corner near the west entrance to Winchester Cathedral is a door composed of four pieces of iron grill-work, which have the distinction of being the oldest specimens of their kind in England. Mr. J. Starkie Gardiner affirms that this grill-work dates as far back as the eleventh or twelfth century, and that no other grill in existence resembles it. Its original use was to protect the shrine of St. Swithun from the vast crowds of pilgrims who resorted thither, but it is many years since the gate was placed in its present position. Not now being employed for ingress or egress, it may be taken for granted that this unique specimen of early English ironwork will be safely preserved for untold generations, and the more so that all the

restorations which have been carried out at Winchester during recent years have, thanks to the wise policy of the Dean, been undertaken in a spirit of perfect loyalty to the past. Several thousand pounds are still wanted for preservation work urgently needing to be done.

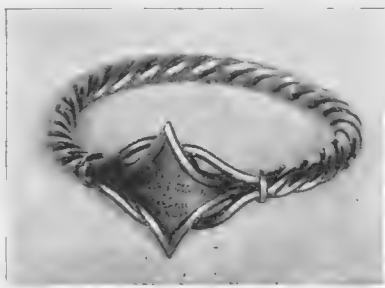
The tomb of Sir George Mackenzie—"Bluidy Mackenzie" of the Covenanted times and the best-hated man in Scotland—in Greyfriars Churchyard has been attracting more than usual attention. The mausoleum, one of the finest in the Metropolis, has been undergoing repairs, and several gentlemen had the privilege of viewing the remains of the famous advocate who

regarded with abhorrence. Sir George's remains are still covered with what has been a remarkably fine shroud, and, though shrivelled and mummy-like, are wonderfully preserved. This, in spite of the fact that the vandalism of bygone days took away the lead coffin, tore all the ornaments from the body, and even wrenched the teeth out of the mouth of the dead. One of the visitors, on leaving the tomb, clasped the hand that had signed the death warrant of many a luckless Covenanter, and that may have grasped the hand of Dryden, of Cowley, and of Waller. Who knows?

This is the skin of a young tiger which Lieut. - Colonel Ferris shot on New Year's Day, 1895, near Goa, on the West Coast of India. Colonel Ferris says in a letter to the *Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society* that the mother of this cub had established a scare among the natives by killing a number of men and women. The people asserted that the old tigress never ate her victims, but invariably gave them to her son, and they further declared that the cub had been born with the man-eating propensity, for it would be found that he had the "man-eater's mark" in the form of a cross on his left side. Colonel Ferris was implored to shoot the two, or, if he could kill only one, to select the cub. Opportunity serving, he did shoot the cub, though he did not believe in the "man-eater's mark," such a thing never having been heard of before. Whether the story was born of local superstition or whether the people had seen the peculiar mark high up on the cub's left flank, nobody knows; but if you look carefully at this photograph of his skin, which was sent by an Anglo-Indian reader of *The Sketch*, you will find a curious breakage in the striping which resolves itself into a rude cross.



A TIGER-CUB'S SKIN.

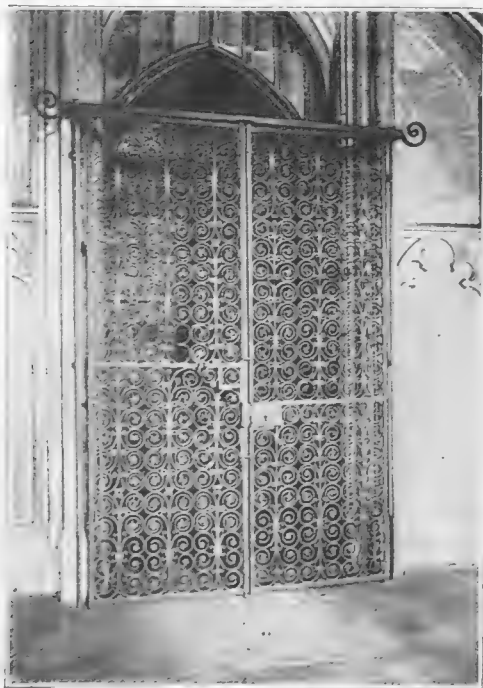


GOLD BRACELET GIVEN BY THE QUEEN TO BABYAAN, THE MATABELE CHIEF.

Photo by Gear, Chidley, and Co.

The number of journalists that Scotland has supplied to the Metropolis has frequently been the subject of comment. They hail from all parts of the northern kingdom, but one little town in the north-eastern district of Scotland, eighty miles further from London than Aberdeen, has unquestion-

ably sent abroad more journalists who have attained distinction in their profession than any other town of similar size in the United Kingdom. To make good this assertion, it is only needful to state that in the cathedral city of Elgin the manager, and publisher with Sir Edward Russell, of the *Liverpool Daily Post* received his initial journalistic training, as did also his brother, the *doyen* of Parliamentary lobbyists and London correspondent of the *Dundee Advertiser*. The editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and his brother, the editor of the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, were both educated in Elgin, the former beginning his professional life as reporter on the *Elgin Courier*, in the composing-room of which one of the founders and present proprietor of the *Edinburgh Evening News* served a full term of apprenticeship. The manager of *Black and White* is an old *Elgin Courier* hand, as is also the proprietor and conductor of the *Rochdale Times*. The editor of a Wick journal, who has been preacher and printer too, is an Elgin man; and so is the proprietor and publisher of a Guildford paper. A record this which will be hard to beat.



THE OLDEST GRILL IN ENGLAND.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. had almost despotic power in Scotland, and who acted as prosecutor of the Covenanters. It was the latter circumstance which made him so unpopular and earned for him the nickname "Bluidy Mackenzie." For generations his tomb was



TOMB OF THE MOST HATED MAN IN SCOTLAND.

Photo by George Eskdale, Edinburgh.

HOW ANGLO-INDIAN CHILDREN CHEER THEIR FATHERS' EXILE.



Mr. Kipling has led us to believe that the little English child born in India is a rather melancholy person, who eyes the fickle affections of his parents with sad-eyed wonder. I have never been in India myself, but from time to time I receive pictures showing the little Anglo-Indian at play, which seem to demonstrate to me that English children on India's coral strand are just as happy as children anywhere. The latest proof in point comes to me all the way from Lanouli, a hill station on



the top of the Bhorl Ghauts, about seventy-eight miles from Bombay, and thirty-nine from Poona. Fifty-four little English children, most of them under twelve, met together in the Railway Institute to entertain their elders. They gave a regular variety show, beginning with a piano-duet from "Tannhäuser," performing an operetta, presenting tableaux, singing lullabies, drilling, and reciting. The operetta justified its title, "The Merry Party." It introduced Miss Muffet, Mistress Mary, Humpty-Dumpty, Little Bo-Peep, Jack and Jill, Red Riding Hood, and, in fact, all the other inhabitants of the nursery.

HOW WELSHERS WORK.

BY AN EX-RACECOURSE POLICEMAN.

It is a fact to be deplored that welshing on the different racecourses in England is on the increase, and that no proper steps are taken by the authorities to stamp it out. Every day complaints are made as to the way the public are robbed and welshed; but, although the police are fully aware of the many methods and systems employed by the Welshers, and know every one of these gentry by sight, they make no move, but serenely look on, and, when trouble arises, quietly get out of the way—and the “bookies” make it worth their while to do so.

The interests of the public are looked after at race-meetings by about a dozen racecourse detectives and a similar number from Scotland Yard. There is also a body of men called “the Racecourse Police”; these men are pensioners from the Metropolitan, the City, and the County police forces.

It puzzles anyone to know what the Committee were thinking about when they engaged these men. If they were pensioned off the different police forces because they had served their time, or because they were of no further use, why were such men engaged to keep order on a racecourse, where trouble is always floating about as thick as bad language? What is required as policemen on the racecourse is a body of smart, stalwart young men.

Some time ago, the authorities, seeing the necessity of making a show of preserving order, engaged a number of specially selected Army Reservists as plain-clothes policemen. These men gave great satisfaction, and for a time were the terror of “wrong ’uns”; but the Committee failed to back them up when they made any charge against noted Welshers, and the Racecourse Police, getting jealous of them, refused to come to their assistance if they were clearing out a “gang,” and gradually it began to dawn upon the “Reservists” that their efforts were not appreciated by their employers, so now, like the uniformed Racecourse Police, they walk about, look on, and say nothing, and, like the “R.C.P.,” they find it pays them better to do so and to keep good friends with the “bookies.” Thus it is that well-known bookmakers’ names and cards are used indiscriminately by well-known Welshers.

At the Lewes Races, June 9 and 10, two bookmakers (the editor has their names), standing quite close to each other, exchanged some of their tickets, and when a man came up and made a bet with A., he was given one of B.’s tickets. Without looking at the ticket, the man put it in his pocket, and when the race was run and he had backed the winner, he came up for his money. A. denied all knowledge of the bet, and pointed out to him that he had one of B.’s tickets, and so must have made the bet with him. The man, knowing quite well that he had made no bet with B., nevertheless went up to him, and presented the ticket, with the result that he got roundly abused and insulted, and was accused of stealing the ticket. The police were called, and the man had to admit that he had made no bet with B.; and on explaining the matter to the officers, he was told they could do nothing; that it was his own fault, he ought to have looked at his ticket, and not go about accusing every bookmaker of swindling him. And so these two men kept on welshing right and left throughout the day, changing their position occasionally, but always keeping close to each other, so that their “bullies” could render each other assistance in the event of trouble; and the police, who knew their game and how they worked it, looked on and winked the other eye. I have not the slightest doubt but that many of the readers of this journal who were at Lewes on June 10 will substantiate this.

Another move of the Welsher is to offer 2 or 3 to 1 against the favourite when other bookmakers won’t accept “evens.” Round flock the “Jays” looking for a good price; the money rolls in, the race starts, and the “gang” prepare to do a guy. Their *modus operandi* is as follows, namely: The bag containing the money has a loose inner lining; this and its contents are adroitly slipped to a “pal,” and as the horses dash up, the gang rush to the railings, all the time wildly cheering the winner, and, quickly paying the transfer-fee, they slip into the next enclosure, and from there—away. And the police on the gate know their game, and allow them to play it. Sometimes the “bookie” is caught, but he has no money in his bag, and his gang of “bruisers” gather round and hustle his dupes out of the way and help him to escape. Another of their tricks is to swear they are nearly broke, and offer, with many apologies, half the amount due, and their poor dupes have to take it or get nothing; if they complain to the police, they are told that it serves them right for putting their money with “wrong ’uns,” and there is no redress, and the Welsher grows rich under the protection of the police.

If welshing is to be stamped out, we must follow the French fashion and license our bookmakers, the licence to be withdrawn if any underhand dealings are proved against them. At present it would be a boon to the racing public if information were given as to who were the respectable and honourable bookmakers; and if at each race-meeting a list of them were posted up on each enclosure, it would prove a benefit to both them and the public, as the police could easily prevent the “wrong ’uns” from making a book in the name of well-known firms that they had no connection with.

At present, crowds of the lowest blackguards are attending the different race-meetings; they are mostly broken-down “sloggers,” and are in the pay of the Welshers. Their duty is to swear to anything their masters say, and to back them up by force if necessary. Many a man who has backed a winner finds that he can’t get paid, and, on protesting, is brutally treated and ill-used by the gang who are in the pay of this clique, a clique well known to the police.

WHY I LEFT THE CRITERION.

A CHAT WITH MR. WYNDHAM.

The Criterion Theatre is closed, so far as Mr. Wyndham is concerned. Mr. Wyndham’s new theatre is being got ready with all convenient despatch for his occupation in the autumn. What induced Mr. Wyndham to migrate from his old home, with all its associations of twenty-three long years, and build a new theatre which will be called—What? You can answer it “in once” (writes a *Sketch* representative), for this is the story from Mr. Wyndham’s own lips as he sat in his dressing-room.

“Why am I going to leave the Criterion?” echoed Mr. Wyndham. “The reason is very simple. I need a larger stage to carry out my plans, a larger frame for the pictures which I hope to present. Everybody who is interested in the theatrical world knows, for instance, that I intend to do ‘Cyrano de Bergerac.’ It would be impossible to put up that play with the little room at my disposal here. There you have the reason of my migration in a nutshell. The new stage is much larger; it is deeper, broader, higher than this, and is quite adequate for the presentation of any piece which I may desire to give. Dimensions? I can’t give you any. I only know the broad and general fact that the stage is much larger than this. It will, however, take this form of entertainment, as well as the larger and broader work which I have been gradually doing during the past thirteen years, when I changed the form of the policy which governed my productions up to that time.

“Shakspeare? Yes, people have been talking about my appearing in Shakspeare, and, perhaps, later on—I have a little idea, a very little idea” (If only someone would invent punctuation-marks to convey the delicacies of expression and inflection of the voice!), “of Shakspeare—Benedick, perhaps, and Petruchio, neither of which parts I have ever played, although I have acted in ‘Much Ado About Nothing,’ and at different times have played Claudio and Don Pedro. All that, however, is for the future to determine. For the present, I have no plans. I never have plans; therefore I never announce them at the end of the season, as I always want a free hand to do what seems best at the moment.

“The policy of the new theatre will not differ from the policy of the old. I shall produce costume-plays and modern plays just as they come along, for I have arrangements made for the supply of both material. Indeed, plays with a great many people, like ‘Cyrano,’ will not prevent me from doing plays with four or five people, like ‘The Tyranny of Tears,’ for I believe in them very much—the direct simplicity of their appeal is so strong. I am going to play this play there, but I am not going to open with it. The opening piece will be ‘David Garrick,’ which has been the most successful play I have ever produced here. It will not, however, have a long run. It will be kept for such occasions as a benefit, or to fill up a gap of two or three weeks, or for opening a theatre, as in this case; but I shall never run it, although it is good for a run at any time. I am going to do ‘The Jest’ also, but in what order these works will appear I cannot tell, for I really do not know myself.

“As for the name of the theatre, I am at present inclined to ‘Wyndham’s Theatre.’ I should have preferred a more distinctive title, but for the last week I have been thinking of giving it my name, as a great many people have been asking me where it is. Even now, there are other alternatives. I was rather sweet on the ‘Twentieth Century Theatre.’ No, no!” (it was a vehement “No, No!”), “the name would not clash with the production of sixteenth-century plays—not at all! They would be treated with the intellectual breadth of the twentieth century, with all its advance in thought and in the treatment of intellectual subjects. Whatever the name, however, I think it will be found to be a comfortable theatre. The decorations of it are Louis XVI., the background being white, with just a touch of gold, and tableaux on the walls. The seats will be white, as they are here; but for the upholstery—that is not arranged yet, and it is impossible for me to say what the colour will be. There will be no curtain to roll up, and tableau-curtains will separate the stage from the auditorium. The auditorium itself will hold about £50 more than this theatre; there will be more stalls, more dress-circle, more family circle, and the gallery will be very much larger than this one.

“The theatre will differ from this one in one important respect, for it is not at all underground, so there will be no necessity for pumping in air as has to be done here. All the same, however, I have a process of ventilation which will work satisfactorily.

“It must not be taken for granted, as it has been, that, because I am leaving the Criterion, I shall never appear here again. It is my intention to produce lighter plays here than I do in ‘another place,’ and I have a great deal of material for the purpose. I bought a good many plays before I changed my policy, and locked them up, awaiting an opportunity when I might produce them. I do not think they will be found to be out of date, for they all are very light, bright, and full of sunshine. Occasionally, when a part in one of them suits me, I shall come back to the Criterion to act it, but ‘Wyndham’s Theatre’ will naturally be associated with Charles Wyndham.”

As a parting secret, let it be whispered that some day or other the most volatile of Charles Surfaces may return to powder and patches, for only a day or two ago thoughts of “The School for Scandal” were flitting through Mr. Wyndham’s head, and it was not long ago that he and Sir Henry Irving were discussing the possibility of playing together in Sheridan’s immortal comedy. If the cast should be Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Henry Irving; Charles Surface, Mr. Charles Wyndham; Lady Teazle, Miss Ellen Terry; and Maria, Miss Mary Moore, don’t be surprised; and don’t forget that it was first foreshadowed by *The Sketch*.



THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

FLODDEN FIELD AS IT STRIKES A TOURIST.

AN ENGLISH VISITOR DESCRIBES THE BATTLEFIELD WHERE HIS FATHERS ROUTED THE SCOTS
NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The Scot with a passionate patriotism, which has largely lost its distinguishing quality with the inevitable process of assimilation which makes the modern generation of young Scotchmen abjure their Doric, was wont to place his finger on Bannockburn as proof positive of his superiority over the dominant partner. He was unusually reticent, however, when he came to speak of Flodden Field—not that he wished to forget, but that the tragedy had sunk too deep into his soul to be spoken about, even though it took place near four centuries ago. The poignancy of the immense loss that Scotland sustained has been expressed once and for all in the pathetic ballad "The Flower of the Forest"—

I've heard the lilting at our ewes'
milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the break of
day:
But now there's a moaning on ilka
green loaning,
The flowers o' the forest are a wede
away.

The crisis had been preceded in 1502 by an event which might have been supposed to settle the ancient differences between Scotland and England, for James IV. had married Henry the Seventh's daughter, Margaret—and hence laid the foundation of our Queen's right to rule us. But the Thistle and the Rose were strange mates, and within ten years the war broke out which ended so disastrously for the Thistle on the heights of Flodden (a broad-backed ridge which forms the tail of the Cheviots) on Sept. 9, 1513. The story of the battle has often been told, most popularly, of course, by Scott in "Marmion"; but the contemporary authorities on the fight are mainly English, for it was England's great day, when the defeat at

Bannockburn was almost equalised. The following description of a trip to the fatal field has been written by Mr. J. Parrington-Poole, and is illustrated by photographs taken by Mr. Nichol Elliott, of Coldstream:

Out beyond the old walls of Berwick, to the eastward, lies a broad sweep of unbroken blue lapping on the horizon the sand-girt front of Lindisfarne. To the west stretches the Vale of Tweed, sweet and peaceful, rich in poetry of chivalry and romance, and hallowed by associations which link in strongest bonds the present with the past, and keep in ever-freshening beauty memories which crowd upon us at every turn, and make us see, in fancy, once more the rough and stormy Borderland.

We were essentially in the Land of Marmion. Hampered though we were with cycle and camera, and hot though the sun beat down upon our heads, we had yet enough imagination in store to hear the clash of steel and the clang of armour, and see the clouds of dust rise in whirls from the hoof-beaten roads. There was a breeze from the sea, a cool, refreshing breeze which brought with it the brine to our nostrils, and we gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of dreamy silence. We were on the road to Flodden. My friend, a Scotchman to the backbone, had talked me into the ride.

"An unbroken field," he had murmured seductively over his whisky-and-water; "let us go."

And we went. Nor did we regret the visit. There is no rugged grandeur, no impressive sombreness, only everywhere a deep, hushful quiet. As we neared Norham, Mac became communicative. The whole history of the castle he gave me with unbounded enthusiasm. Then he



STREAM NEAR BRANXTON, PIPERS' HILL IN THE DISTANCE.



MARMION'S ARCH, NORHAM CASTLE.



KING JAMES'S TOWER, FORD CASTLE.

asked me, as he placed the camera ready for action, while I lay lazily smoking a rather indifferent cigar, to quote Scott's lines from "Marmion." I pleaded ignorance, and blew the smoke with redoubled vigour. There

white in the gleam of the autumn sun. We were anxious to snatch a picture of the stream which crosses the road below Branxton. To this brooklet Lady Clare turned for water to give the dying Marmion, but found it red with blood. Near, however, so says Scott, in a little fountain the clear water fell like crystal. Above the stone basin were the half-worn letters—

Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sibyl Gray,
Who built this cross and well.

Scott evidently has not in this case been particular about topography. The well, rebuilt by the late Marchioness of Waterford, is about three miles distant, and a wearisome trudge it was to find it.

We came back by way of Ford, and had just time to snap a view of King James's Tower. This castle, unlike that of Norham, was not overthrown before the Battle of Flodden. Stipulations had been made by Lady Heron safeguarding this. The relationship between James and this lady has given rise to much conjecture. Certain it is that he was more or less in her power, and that she played into the hands of Surrey. In this castle, at any rate, he stayed the night before the battle, and some say that he never left it alive.

"RUSSIA ON THE PACIFIC."

"It's a far cry to Lochow"—this was the old slogan of the Campbells, and was at one time expressive of a certain geographical space. That

space still exists in a literal sense—but practically it is annihilated. You can now start from Euston in the evening, and breakfast next morning in sight of "Kilchurn and its Towers," and the "copse on Cruachan-Ben." "Far Cathay" is another familiar phrase which is now destined to lose its signification. China's position on the maps will not be changed; but it will be good news to many when they learn that by means of rail and steam the great distance of that country will be in the usual manner reduced. A work has just been published by Sampson Low and Co., entitled "Russia on the Pacific, and the Siberian Railway." The author, "Vladimir," who is evidently a Russian, and well-informed on the subject, states that the Siberian Railway, after passing Lake Baikal, is to have a branch running through Manchuria direct to Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan. The book is full of details about the railway, which need not be gone into here. It will be enough to say that, by a rough calculation, the journey between China and England will be accomplished in about one-half of the time that is taken by the present ocean route. To this there is to be added another condition of equal importance, which is that the cost by the railway will be only about one-half of that by the steamers. Whatever may be the results of the Siberian Railway on the political phases in China, this important result at least will be hailed as good news by all the Europeans whose lot has been cast in the Flowery Land or in Japan, who have to come home at times, either on business or on leave. The railway, one may assume, will, if what is here stated should prove to be correct, absorb nearly all the passenger traffic between China and England, while the "P. and O." and other steamers will become in the future little more than cargo-boats.



TWIZEL BRIDGE, CROSSING THE RIVER TILL.
Surrey crossed it on Sept. 8 to meet the Scots, who were then encamped nine miles off.

was a grunt from beneath the black cloth, and then a snap like the shot of a gun. Mac lost his temper. The plate was spoiled.

"Was that a swear?" I jerked out pointedly.

"Only a pot-shot at Marmion," he replied, with a half-sardonic smile.

We made for Coldstream by way of Twizel Bridge. As we swung down the steep incline, we had no time for romance, for even holiday-makers have some respect for ribs and neck, but for full ten minutes after we had dismounted there was one continuous dramatic recital—

... From Flodden's ridge.
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmoor Wood, their evening post,
And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twizel Bridge;
High sight it is, and haughty while
They dive into the deep defile.

Beneath the cavern cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall;
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing,
Troop after troop their banners rearing
Upon the Eastern bank you see,
Still pouring down the rocky den
Where flows the sullen Till.

"Hold! hold!" I cried, as he gazed anxiously at the view he was taking, "or you'll spoil the picture."

"You'd better get in front and save it, then," he replied snappishly.

And I did.

Coldstream, if it can boast of nothing else, is decidedly pretty. There once stood an old Cistercian Abbey, a solitary fragment of which still remains, where many of the nobler slain from the Field of Flodden are supposed to have been buried. Some time ago, while excavations were being made, a sarcophagus was brought to light, and was afterwards built into the wall at Hope Park. One sometimes hears it said that our ancestors were a more gigantic race of men than we are; but the coffin would have been too small for us, for, try as we would, we could not squeeze ourselves comfortably inside, and Mac is only five feet six.

"Perhaps it was a baby's," I remember suggesting somewhat mildly.

"So like you!" he stung back. "You take the romance out of everything. Do you know what I think? King James's body might have been brought and buried here."

"More poetical than probable," I said quietly.

"Baby's!" he snarled back sarcastically.

Flodden we reached at noon. So peaceful and so solitary was the spot that we could for a moment or so scarcely realise that the smiling fields and waving woodland which met the eye had once rung with the noise of battle. Here, too, must have waved the silken banners across which deft fingers had run gold and silver threads, and here the battle-axe and the sword which had long lain in rest upon the wall must have flashed



WHAT FLODDEN HILL LOOKS LIKE TO-DAY.

THE PERSECUTED SKYLARK.

The common skylark is, perhaps, after the sparrow, the best known and most discussed of our British birds. He is not fair to outer view, indeed, unless you examine closely the beautiful mottling of his dappled plumage; but his ceaseless carol has made him everywhere noticeable, and he is certainly the first favourite with our English poets. Yet more people know his voice than his habits or the detail of his appearance; unlike children in the proverb, to be heard rather than to be seen is his natural function.

The skylark is but one member of the great family of larks, a group almost entirely confined to the Eastern Hemisphere, only the horned shorelarks having effected an entrance into America, where they have settled in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine. Even the particular species to which our skylark belongs, however, is remarkable for its extreme variability; it inhabits all Northern Europe and Asia, but changes slowly in character as it passes eastward, so that the paler Mediterranean and Central Asiatic forms have been distinguished by many authors as distinct kinds, while a much darker and still more easterly race, which inhabits China and Japan, has also received the honour of a separate Latin title. Nor does the changeableness of the type stop short at this point; our own native British skylarks are lighter in colour, ruddier, and smaller than the Continental bird: German and Scandinavian larks migrate in great numbers into England during the autumn months, to spend the early part of the winter here, and they may usually be distinguished from the true-born Briton by being larger and darker. It is these casual aliens, for the most part, that are trapped and sold for market, though many thousands of our joyous native song-larks are also ruthlessly killed and eaten.

In colour the skylark is designed rather for protection than for display. Its hues are almost exactly those of the soil on which it alights, and where it takes refuge from danger. For the larks are all of them essentially cowerers—I mean, their tactics, when danger looms, are rather to sit still and escape notice than to rise and fly from it. Their chief enemies are hawks and other birds of prey. When the shadow of such a foe, poised on spreading wings, falls on the grass beside him, your skylark crouches, draws in his neck, remains perfectly motionless, and tries to pass unobserved among the dry grass or sandy soil which he so closely resembles. This habit is deeply ingrained in larks; they pursue it with terrestrial as well as with aerial enemies; when men or dogs approach a flock at rest on the ground, the birds cower close, and almost let one walk over them before they will rise; when at last they do so, they get up one by one, so as to divert attention, and fly with a rapid, wavering motion which makes it difficult even for a good shot to hit them. On dry clods of earth or among winter stubble they are particularly hard to perceive; and there can be little doubt that their general sandy and dead-grass-coloured tones represent a case of protective resemblance due to natural selection—that is to say, to the continuous weeding-out of the less protectively coloured by hawks or other enemies, and the continuous survival of the most unobtrusively plumaged specimens.

But if the lark is unnoticeable on the ground, he is conspicuous and much observed in the air. In this there is no incongruity; for when on the ground he desires to escape the unpleasant attentions of the kestrel and the windhover; but when aloft in the sky he is competing with his rivals for the notice of his sober-hued mate. Indeed, it is almost a principle in Nature that dominant species are brightly and attractively coloured, by way of allurement to the females of their kind, while species exposed to numerous enemies are, as a rule, retiring or dull in colour, though they make up for it by song or other musical endowments. The reason is clear: you must retain your colour whether friend or foe be near, but you need only sing at moments of safety and in the inspiring presence of your lady-love. Throughout the winter, indeed, larks sing but little, though even then, on exceptionally fine days, the ingrained optimism of their hopeful kind makes them conclude prematurely that the spring has come, and pour forth their joyous trills over the frost-bound meadows. By the beginning of March, however, they pair, and then the little sultans set to work to fight in the air for their brown-robed mates, and to sing against one another with emulous throats as a means of charming their attentive listeners. Once they take to song, they go on with it till autumn, singing, as it seems, from pure love of being. Their carol is not delicately and strangely modulated, like that of the nightingale, nor does it owe its effect to pure musical qualities; but it is bright, happy, continuous; it wells up in endless, simple melody, and it falls from the sky, as a rule, among floods of sunshine. It is that that endears the skylark to all save the few who destroy it; it is that that gives it its claim to exemption.

The skylark begins life as one of a family of from three to five, hatched in a nest on the ground, which is, after all, the permanent home of skylarks, in spite of their name, for their aerial excursions are but competitive singing matches. The mother lark is somewhat smaller than her lord, but alike in colour. She builds her nest under a projecting tuft of grass, or in a cup-shaped hollow, and so well does she hide it that you may often pass it by, or even tread over it without hurting the eggs or nestlings. It is made of dry grass-blades, and both the home and the eggs closely resemble in hue the general herbage around them. As a rule, two broods are reared in each season. The mother and father feed the young, mostly with grubs and other insects; during the summer, I believe, they are thus largely instrumental in holding in check many plagues of the farmer. Towards autumn the families, as

such, disperse, and all the birds, young and old, form mixed flocks or hordes, which distribute themselves over the fields, and lurk especially in the cornfield stubble. Among these sombre hordes it is easy to distinguish the males from the females by their greater size and spread of wing in flying.

At the same time that our own birds thus scatter themselves in the cornfields, vast reinforcements of Continental skylarks arrive for the winter. They seem to have been driven out of their own breeding-places by severe weather, and to come to England in search of food, which they find abundantly in our hospitable stubbles. Here they search for seeds, and, as they live in great part off grains of noxious weeds, like black bindweed, knotweed, corn-poppy, and couch-grass, I believe they are really most useful friends of the agricultural interest. They also devour a certain number of hibernating insects, and, as these are for the most part egg-bearing females, laden with the broods of the succeeding year, they doubtless render good service in this way also. It is urged, on the other hand, that larks commit depredations on the stacks and corn-yards in severe weather, and that they do damage to autumn-sown crops and young spring plants. This is no doubt true; but it is more than counter-balanced, not only in my opinion, but in that of many practical farmers, by the service they perform in destroying grubs and the seeds of noxious weeds. The farmer finds it no small advantage to have his stubble picked over, inch by inch, with ceaseless care, by a whole horde of eager and sharp-eyed assistants, who seldom pass by a single grain of the smaller plants which would otherwise eat up and absorb the nutriment he spreads upon the fields for the benefit of his corn-crops.

In April the mixed flocks once more separate, and the individual birds select their mates. As usual, when no special differences of colour exist between the sexes, the male birds rely on song alone to charm their mates; hence their emulous crowing from the sky overhead, while the female sits below on a clod of grass, with her neck on one side, and compares the performances of the rival suitors. Those of us who know and love that wild outpouring of melody associate it with blue skies and brilliant spring sunshine. Hence, no doubt, its curious vogue with our poets. Only an American writer, unused to think of the lark in connection with all that is blithe and glad in Nature, could ever have written, as Mrs. Piatt has done in a charming address to the skylark—

Thou didst not sing to Shelley such a song
As Shelley sang to thee.

The bane of the skylark, however, is its intelligent curiosity. It is a persistent, ceaselessly active, restless creature, with an inquiring turn of mind which too often proves its ruin. It is caught, most frequently, by a base appeal to its scientific scepticism. It is no part of my business to describe the ways and wiles of lark-snarers; but a word as to the peculiar curiosity of the lark must be premised before I give over the theme to those who have observed the bird-catcher at work more closely than I have done. Many birds are eager to examine any bright or glancing or gaily coloured object. Ruffs can be attracted by means of a red bandanna; and I have myself drawn night-jars on the wing to flit curiously around me by gently waving a white pocket-handkerchief in the dusk on the open moorland. Jackdaws, again, as is well known, will pick up and conceal small pieces of glass, gold, or jewellery, and other glittering objects. It is this marked curiosity of birds, particularly well developed in the high-flying skylarks, that the trappers employ for their own mean purposes. They twirl a mirror or some other glistening gewgaw, and the intelligent larks, caught at once by its gleam, fly down to inspect it and investigate its properties. The birds so caught are generally aliens on their way south, either immigrant Continental larks as they enter England, or else the same birds as they fly further south again when our fields in turn are frozen and foodless. But not a few of our own feathered fellow-subjects fall victims at the same time to the Whitechapel snarers.

GRANT ALLEN.

"TOMMY'S" FACINGS.

The example of the "Buffs" in reverting to the old colour of their facings has now been followed by three other famous regiments, for the Northumberland Fusiliers (the old "Fighting Fifth"), the "Princess of Wales's Yorkshire Regiment," and the "Seaforths" are to resume their old facings. A hundred years ago, the 5th Fusiliers wore "gosling green" facings, a colour peculiar to the regiment; but in 1835 they were authorised to wear a "handsome and lively green," and certainly the green facings worn up to 1881 made a prettier contrast with the red-and-white busby-plumcs than does the "jam-pot" white cuff of to-day. The Yorkshires—the old 19th—got their nickname of the "Green Howards" from the facings which they wore for two hundred years and their Colonel's name, for regiments were, in the old days, known by the name of their commanding officer, and at that time two other regiments were "Howard's," the 24th ("Howard's Greens") and the 3rd ("Buff Howards"). The Seaforths go back to the buff facings of their 2nd Battalion, the famous "Ross-shire Buffs," as, though of their rather long title, "The Seaforth Highlanders, Ross-shire Buffs, The Duke of Albany's," the first and last items come from the old 72nd, it is rather an anomaly for a "Buff" regiment to wear yellow facings, and even the Highlanders, with their attractive uniforms, love anything that distinguishes them from other regiments. Of the twenty Scottish battalions of the Line, ten wear Royal-blue facings, two are clad in Rifle-green, and six wear the "national" yellow facings, but the Seaforths alone will sport the "buff."



A BILLET-DOUX.



LADY POPPIN.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The resignation of Mr. Walter Crane as Principal of the Royal College of Art at South Kensington comes as a distinctly depressing piece of news at a time when it cannot be said that the general interests of art are at a very high level in this country. And when one says that, it is not so much to say that the actual "output upon the market" is of a less creditable kind than usual, but that the teaching element is by no means so strong as it might be. Nowadays, as it seems, the Professor must abandon his own art if he would devote himself to the school. Indeed, this is the precise reason given by Mr. Crane for his resignation.

It is, of course, useless to expect in these days a return to the comfortable methods of the past, when the studio of a magnificent genius was the training school of younger genius, when the huge commercial organisations now in vogue were not possible, and where the simplest and most ready-made method always worked out best in the long run. Over-population, responsible for so much, for all the modern perplexing economical questions of to-day, is also responsible for a need to organise the teaching of art on a scientific basis. South Kensington is now face to face with the chief difficulty of the situation.

The easy solution—or apparent solution—of the matter which is generally given does not apply here. It has been said that you do not, as a matter of fact, require the best artist to be the best teacher; and in



FLOWERING DOCK.

A Photographic Study by H. Vaughan Walker.

a great many subjects this is no doubt the truth. The keenest mathematician is not always he, by any means, who can invariably convey his methods to the pupil with the greatest clearness, the most obvious intelligibility. But in a matter of art the case is different. Here the actual processes of hand, of system, of elementary beginnings, are followed from the teacher's own formula of work; and no explanation has the same direct influence as the actual practice. Here, then, you require the actual genius of the artist to be shown to the disciples. Mozart knew what he was doing when he told a pupil to listen to his own playing. So that one comes back to the original problem. Where are you to find the artist ready to give up his time to teaching by scientific rather than by personal methods? And of what value is the Professor so teaching who is not a genuine and considerable artist? Mr. Walter Crane's answer is sufficiently discouraging, at all events.

The photographing of flowers is indulged in to such an extent by amateur photographers that the wonder is so few of them ever think of taking the camera into the woods and lanes for the purpose of making studies of flowers in their natural habitat. Far too often are the flowers conveyed home and placed in the orthodox vase with backgrounds which are as varied as the colours of the flowers they are intended to grace. This photograph is suggestive of the large field which may be covered by the enthusiast who is prepared to make studies of the floral world as Nature hath arranged it.



AFTER THE MANŒUVRES.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY BARA, AYR.



MISS CORALIE BLYTHE AS PIERRETTE IN "A GAIETY GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALKER, BAKER STREET, W.



MISS FLORENCE COLLINGBOURN IN "A GAIETY GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Transvaal question is coming to a head with an ominous and unusual rapidity; but there is no reason to apprehend war. Doubtless the Boers would fight rather than yield their independence; but no one really threatens their independence. There is a theory, held by some of them sincerely, no doubt, and dinned into our ears by their supporters over here, that certain nefarious capitalists are plotting to overthrow the Transvaal Government by means of the Uitlander vote, and grab the mines and other property in the country. But it seems to be overlooked by the worthy Boers and pro-Boers that these capitalists, some of them, own the mines and property already, and that those who own most of the other mines and much of the other property are British, French, and German investors, who could not be despoiled with impunity. If the capitalists were in power now, they could free their mines from the Dynamite Monopoly and certain other more or less oppressive taxes and dues; but the suspension of labour and damage caused by even the briefest war would far outweigh any problematical advantage of this sort. To get any extensive spoil, the capitalists would have to rob their own countrymen. The annexation of the Transvaal would bring it under English law, and this is certainly not any kinder to rich robbers than the Boer code, uncertain at best, and ever at the mercy of a chance vote of the First Raad.

If the Jameson Raid had resulted in the formation of a permanent revolutionary Government on the Rand, or in the whole Transvaal, the chiefs of the new State might have derived no small advantage from their position, but I fail to see how a capitalist is to profit by turning the country into a Crown Colony. And it is hardly likely that a war can be promoted for stock-jobbing purposes, for the variation caused by a public war can be forecast by the masses as well as by capitalists, whereas a revolutionary movement or conspiracy is naturally better known by those who engineer it. A raid or a revolt may well be a financial trick; a public war, hardly. The mere fact of war will, of course, depress stocks; so, still further, will any defeats. The restoration of peace, especially with victory, will cause shares to rise, though hardly to the level before the war. But there is nothing here that the man in the street cannot judge of as well as the average capitalist.

The theory that the wicked Joseph Chamberlain is forcing a war on the blameless Boer from sheer ambition, against the wish of his well-meaning but feeble colleagues, is surely too absurd to hold further. The real cause of war, if war comes, will not be this or that grievance, this or that man's ambition. The conditions of the franchise are not worth fighting about in themselves; as standards and badges of a conflict, they are worth fighting about. It is not so much a contest for right as for power. So long as British subjects are denied the common protection and justice demanded of civilised States, so long will it appear to African observers that they are an inferior race. The Boer believes he is as good as many Uitlanders. So long as he believes this and acts on it, he will be an unsafe and intolerable neighbour. Suzerainty is beside the question. Here is a republic, hedged round with British colonies, which, nevertheless, denies to British subjects all political and some civil rights. To tolerate this inequality is to acquiesce in it. The supremacy will pass over to the Transvaal, as the Power that maintained its point in dispute.

There is, therefore, no going back which can be called creditable. The difference between five years and seven years as a qualifying period is not very great, indeed; but it stands for superiority, one way or the other, in strength and confidence. And the argument as to unimportance cuts both ways. It may be wicked to go to war to have voters qualified in five years instead of seven, but it is nearly as wicked to go to war sooner than grant the shorter period. This the more intelligent of the Boers are beginning to see. And, incidentally, the late discussion has helped to show us that the oligarchy can see its own advantage in progressive measures. One ancient and mischievous notion will hardly survive the late Blue Books—the fiction of President Kruger's moderation and wish for progress. He has been tried in a crucial case, and found wanting. The majority of his own Assembly wished to cancel the obnoxious Dynamite Monopoly; at the cost of a resignation that perhaps was very nearly accepted he obtained a respite. Now we know that the Dynamite Monopoly imposes a heavy burden on industry, and brings in to the State coffers no more than would a reasonable import duty. The history of the enterprise reeks with corruption. Yet this obnoxious and dangerous monopoly the President backs up and protects against his own burghers. Why? A cynic might ask, not why, but how much?

It is the same with the five and seven years' term. The difference between nine years and seven as qualifying periods is unimportant, and can be yielded, but to reduce the seven years to five would ruin the Republic—again, why? There is only one obvious reason. The seven years' period would enfranchise no considerable number till after the next Presidential election; the retrospective five years' term would let in a good many in time to vote—it is to be feared—against Oom Paul's new term of office. If we ask who is the real reactionary, it is plain that it is the President.

The Dynamite question is surely a crucial instance. Here Mr. Kruger is not resisting pressure from the Colonial Office. He is asked by his own fellow-burghers to put an end to a notoriously corrupt and hurtful monopoly. He refuses. Is this patriotism—or perquisites?—MARMITON.

PLEASANT PRISONS.

When prisoners, finding themselves on the outside of their temporary domicile, take the trouble to break into jail, it is very strong evidence that they find the prison in question a pleasant place, and such apparently is the county jail at Eureka Springs, Arkansas. The prisoners in question, four in number, first broke out of jail one night early last December in order to attend a dance given by some of their friends, and the jailer, after a fruitless search for his charges of several hours, was naturally annoyed to find them at the door on his return, awaiting his arrival for him to let them in. Moreover, he was especially disgusted because, in place of expressing their contrition, they merely asked if breakfast was ready. With such hardened sinners as these four culprits, there was only one thing to be done, and the jailer, when he opened the door and let himself in, did it when he locked them out with the remark that, "after the way they had acted, they could stay out"; but in place of doing so, they forced their way into jail, and returned to their cells!

When a man is in prison and a burglary takes place some distance away from it, one would imagine that the gentleman in durance vile would have a fairly strong alibi, and this is exactly what two Austrian knights of the jemmy thought, but it proved to be the alibi that failed. It appears that one of the burglars, having succeeded in winning the affections of the daughter of the warder, found prison so pleasant, that in place of making his escape when he had the chance, he merely arranged with the girl that he and his companion should be set at liberty on condition that they returned before daybreak undetected; fortunately, after two successful burglaries had been perpetrated in the suburbs of Prague, the latter part of the agreement was not carried out to the letter, with the result that prison will hardly be so pleasant in the future either for the prisoner or the fair jailer.

That portion of the new prison on the Port Royal Boulevard, Paris, reserved for political offenders will really be a very delightful abode. Oak tables surmounted by mirrors, supplied with electric-lights ornamented with green shades, are more suggestive of the boudoir than the prison; nevertheless, they will be found there. The conversation-room, exclusively reserved for the prisoners and well supplied with books, newspapers, and easy-chairs, will certainly tend to make the Santé Prison more popular than the Clubs, especially as, in addition to a splendid bath-room, the prison boasts of a garden planted with beautiful shrubs, which will be illuminated during the summer months by electricity—let us hope that the French Government will at least have the humanity to provide a military band as well.

The individuals made prisoners on the occasion of the riots last year in Italy did not have an altogether bad time, on the whole. They occupied the same large chamber, and, when not engaged in discussing various questions of the day, or reading and writing letters, each took turns at composing a novel, the length of each separate contribution being one paragraph: as was pointed out at the time, this was a "novel" way of passing the time.

The Finnish Prison for Debtors at Helsingfors was until the last day of December 1896, when it was closed—it having occurred to the rate-payers who did not habitually use it that it was an expensive luxury—a cheap and pleasant hostelry. Most of the inmates who were committed for three years preferred to stay there rent free, and devote their funds to having a good time rather than pay their debts and be free. Recheché dinners were brought in—if the debtor could pay for them—with wines, spirits, and tobacco; and, if they wished to, return any hospitality, their friends outside the jail could come in for the purpose of enjoying the same. Of course, in this ideal prison the inmates could go out of its precincts when they wished, but, by a cruel legal enactment, they had to be accompanied by a warder, who had, however, to don plain clothes on these occasions, so that the prisoner's social standing should not be imperilled by him being seen in the company of an obvious jailer.

Some little time ago, when two miners were at work in a shaft at Leadville, Colorado, a cave-in happening at a higher level, they found themselves prisoners in a very novel jail; indeed, their lives were only saved by a huge block of granite that blocked all the passage save a hole having a diameter of about ten inches. The prospect of their surroundings being turned into a pleasant prison seemed very remote; but, fortunately, the rescue party discovered the aperture, fitted it with a tube by means of which the men received food, clothing, the daily papers, and, what is more to the point, as it was calculated that three weeks would have to elapse before they could be set at liberty, an incandescence lamp was passed down the tube by means of the wires through which the current was to be supplied.

ON A "PUNCH AND JUDY" SHOWMAN.

Lines suggested on seeing him change his pitch.

Good-bye!—The hardest word to say
To those who cheer us on our way.
The lover bids his heart Good-bye
With many a hope—and many a sigh.
Youth gaily blows a careless kiss;
Age finds in parting more amiss.
Alack-a-day that all must part—
In life, in love, in every art!
The play is played: I pack, and fly—
Good luck! Good-night! Perchance Good-bye. B.



THE SPIRIT OF SUMMER.



MICE AT PLAY.

HOW THE ITALIANS MAKE CIGARS.

How many smokers who keenly enjoy their after-dinner weed know how it came into being?

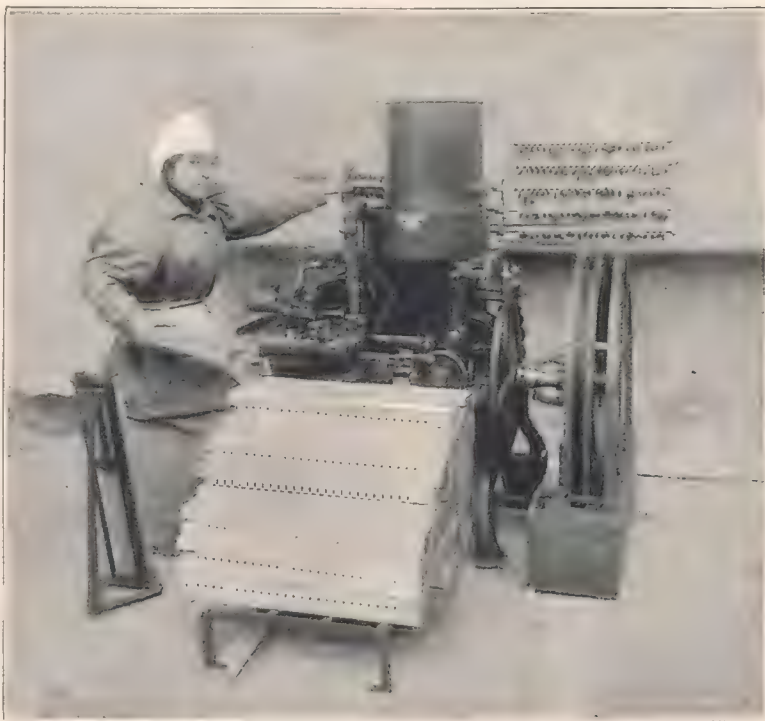
There are few travellers in Italy who have not often enough come across the familiar legend "Sale e Tabacchi," and stopped a moment to wonder what possible connection there could exist between salt and tobacco. Above the legend always appear the Royal Arms and Governmental seal, and from this we learn that in some way "Sale e Tabacchi" come under the finger of the powers that be, and are consequently entitled to respect.

This is, perhaps, why we approach with more than idle curiosity a half-ruined building, reached through one of the little Florentine vias which wriggle in and out among tall houses, where nice green lizards scamper away from damp marble doorsteps, and where the sun has not shone for five hundred years upon the moss-grown paving-stones. The particular manufactory, which is one of the largest in Italy, is at the end of the triangular Piazza San Pancrazio, and was anciently an important Florentine church monastery. But now the great main-door is bolted, and the dust has for many years settled undisturbed upon the rough-hewn holy water-stoups. Above the cornice there still topples a gracefully moulded iron cross, but at the entrance to the one-time cloister there now stands an imposing official, who relieves us of all possible receptacles and bags. Then we find ourselves in a walled, flowery garden, smothered in rose-bushes, where orange- and lemon-trees shed their year-long fragrance and golden fruit in the almost tropical warmth of this sheltered close. But only so far has the ancient abode of peace and holiness been left intact. Passed beyond the cloister walls, and you will be shocked by the deafening whirr of machinery, the hum of voices, and an aroma which cannot be mistaken, for here is tucked away, without sign or notice, a cigar-making plant worth many thousands of pounds. Inside the vaulted Renaissance door of the once refectory stand long lines of white-capped,

neat-pinafores women and girls; the cells are transformed into honeycomb store-rooms for crude tobacco; and in the sacristy, instead of the heavy scent of incense, there pervades the delicious aroma of the most costly Egyptian leaves. In the first great work-room are numberless tables set with polished wood blocks on which the choicest and most perfect leaves are deftly divided by removing the central fibrous stem. These leaves have previously been soaked for twenty-

four hours in pure cold running water, and when bisected are once more washed and laid on great muslin screens to half-dry in the cellars. These leaves are used as the coverings of the best quality of cigars, and vary in worth as they are light, tan-colour, delicate and thread-veined, or dark, coarse-grained, and uneven in growth. The finest qualities of wrappings come from the United States and Macedonia. The filling leaves of the best cigars are long, slender, and of a rich brown Egyptian growth and overpowering fragrance. These "fillings" are also soaked for a day in a bath of tepid running water before being made up. Where perfume is used, the essence of cloves and aloes is here instilled. For the very best cigars, however, there is no "doctoring," and the leaves are taken from the water and spread lengthwise in compressed mounds by expert women, who examine carefully each leaf before putting it for the foundation of a first-class cigar. These embryos are then put into wooden presses and reduced in size to one-third the original

bulk. The same woman then cuts off ragged ends and torn edges, opens the moulds, takes out the damp pressed leaves, and selects one of the "wrapper" leaves which has been beforehand pressed upon a perforated metal sheet, from which it is rolled directly and tightly upon the cigar, a strong suction of electrically forced air keeping the leaf firmly and evenly attached to the plate as it is rolled upon the cigar. This act requires the greatest skill, and in this department you will find the best-paid employees. When the leaf has been laid smoothly and tightly about the central roll, the woman dips her finger in a porcelain cup of flour-paste, seals the round end, and the cigar is finished. The least number of hands which manipulate a cigar, the more is the ultimate



GIRL PUTTING CIGARS IN MOULDS.



CIGARS TAKEN FROM THE MOULDS AND WAITING TO BE COVERED.

value, for it is of the greatest importance that the sensitive damp leaves should not be in any way bruised or disfigured. In the case of the most expensive products, there are only four persons who handle the material—the picker, the sorter, the confectioner, and the final packer.

In placing the wrappings on the cigars there occurs an error which often causes an unexpected spread of maladies among persons in widely different parts of the globe. The air which passes through the perforated plates and keeps the covering leaves in place is also the means of ventilating the great central room, and through the porous film is filtered the united breaths of the four or five hundred women at work. A woman can make on an average from 460 to 500 uncovered cigar-rolls a-day, and about six hundred cigars can be covered in the same time. The freshly finished cigars are carried to an upper storey, where light filters through dark-blue lenses, discovering in the newly made cigars any blemish or dissimilarity of colour as they lie on a green-cloth-covered table. In this peculiar combination of light it is easy to assort the cigars into packets of the same colour and texture, and they are here packed in boxes of cedar, which have been lined with silver paper. As soon as a box is filled, it is inspected by the foreman, the number of the maker is inserted, and the Government seal is placed over the closure. In the case of any foreign matter being introduced among the cigars, or cigars extracted and inferior ones substituted, the error can be traced without mistake to the persons through whose hands the cigars have passed. Each girl who touches a cigar, from the time the leaves are taken from the bath, leaves upon it a mark which has been pre-arranged and which is given to her at the beginning of each week. This mark is

moving table, where a girl quickly turns each end of a roll into a leaf without selection. The suction holds the leaves taut, and the moving table hurries the plates along to another girl, who cuts off the rough ends and pastes the plates into position. These cigars are packed in bulk, and are sent to the dealers in great oil-paper-lined bins without number or mark, except the Government seal upon their lids.

There is another variety of cigar, not to be found out of Tuscany, called the "Toscano," and which nothing with a stomach less strong than that of an ostrich should attempt to handle. This long and distorted object is black and vicious-looking, suggesting tall, bell-shaped, black felt hats and Italian fugitives. The tobacco of which it is made is coarse and unsorted, and the peculiar thing about it is that it is bound about a thin straw, which is removed by the smoker. These cigars are made entirely by hand, and the leaves before being rolled are soaked in a mixture of pepper, spices, soda, and a concoction of herbs and powders, which make the aroma something quite peculiar, and for the first time so overpowering that it can only be endured out of doors.

In the same old convent of San Pancrazio is also the cigarette department, and here the girls are veritable Carmens in real life. The tobacco for the best qualities comes in silver-lined boxes from Turkey, and is as precious as gold. The workers wear long enveloping aprons and jaunty white tarlatan caps, with perhaps a crimson rose over one ear, or the great golden hoops in their ears. Each evening before leaving the works they are thoroughly searched. The paper for wrapping these dainty confections comes in spools straight from Japan, and each spool bears the Chrysanthemum Seal. The gold for stamping the brands is mixed and



THE CARNIVAL.—A STUDY IN SILHOUETTE BY MISS RUBY WILLIAMS.

registered in the office and can be referred to at any moment. When the foreman inspects the final packing, he is able, with the help of these marks, to trace any cigar to the person who made it and the time it was made. To verify this, a fresh box which had been made two days before was opened and a cigar selected at random, which was traced through the process of its making down to the first cold bath at its arrival at the manufactory six months ago. An average of about one per cent. of the cigars sent to the packing-room have to be returned and re-made.

The second quality of cigars, which goes through the same process, but which is of inferior brand of weed, is sent to the packing-room in great bins, from which a woman gathers a handful, apparently, but which long practice has taught her fingers mechanically to count as twenty-five; these she then manipulates so that the cigars are laid in her fingers with the stumps and ends all lying the same way. She holds the bundle firmly, and another girl ties them about with the regulation yellow ribbon, and they are packed in huge cedar cases in quantities of from eight to ten thousand, and then sealed with the same stamp. The best cigars are never packed in quantities, as in this way they lose their aroma. Through the introduction of one slightly stronger leaf, a whole box of cigars may suffer and lose flavour, and, what is stranger still, a grosser leaf will absorb all the colour and aroma from its neighbours, leaving them insipid and bleached. The best tobacco—that is, Egyptian and Turkish—arrives at the manufactory in hermetically sealed tin boxes lined with tinfoil and silk bolting-cloth.

The third grade of cigars are fashioned partly by machinery and partly by hand. There is a clever little arrangement of artificial fingers of iron managed by steam (invented by an American, of course), which draws the leaves automatically together into long forms, where they are pressed in the same manner as the other qualities. Then these uncovered rolls are slid into a moving trough, which carries them to a leaf-covered

used on the spot, and the boxes are also here fashioned; in fact, everything to be used is brought in bulk, and here made into the final model. The precious tin boxes are brought into the long work-room sealed; they are here opened, and the tobacco leaves in the shape of sealed dainty cardboard boxes of cigarettes. The less expensive qualities are, of course, managed with less circumspection, but, so far, all cigarettes are made by hand, and in their manufacture there is perfect cleanliness. Each woman goes to a tank of running water every twenty minutes and thoroughly washes her hands, which are examined each morning for abrasions, and at the same time she is given a hand-wash of carbolic acid before beginning her work. In the poorer qualities of cigarettes natural aroma is substituted for by a kind of incense of musk and other ingredients, which are fused into the shredded leaves in an air-tight compartment.

Working hours are short within these walls, but the occupation requires the closest attention and a considerable amount of dexterity. For Italy, the payment is good, being better than in any other trade to which women are admitted without examination; nor is the work unhealthy; on the contrary, among the cigarette-makers can be picked out the favourite *café chanteuses* of the populace, and, since the morning work does not begin till nine, the girls do not come heavy-eyed to their places. A constant change of air is necessary, as in the unventilated packing-rooms the girls often fall into a heavy sleep while mechanically sorting cigars. In the case of concealed tobacco being found on the persons of any of the girls, instant dismissal is the result, and a photo is taken that she may not again be employed. Some of the women have worked at the tables for forty years, and earn from three to five francs a-day. The best workers are generally Venetians or Florentines, who inherit their dexterity from generations of lace-makers, bead-stringers, or straw-plaiters.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

WHAT THE BRETONS LOOK LIKE.



The Bretons still wear the picturesque national costumes, as these photographs, taken recently in Morbihan and Finistère, show. This dress varies in detail according to the district; but black velvet on the round felt hat, with long streamers floating in the wind, richly braided plastrons, and double coats showing the two edges bound with different-coloured velvet, red and blue generally, are characteristic of the men's dress. As to the costume of the women, it varies still more, but is ever picturesque. Its two most important features are the quaint white "coiffes" (caps) and the handsome aprons of silk, satin, or brocade, trimmed with gold lace, embroidery, or jet. The women take a great pride in their spotless caps, which are so quaintly shaped—sometimes with flaps worn pinned up, or floating, like that of the mother with the tightly swaddled babe from Morbihan; or with starched lace-trimmed bands, standing out like handles on each side of the head, as at North Finistère; or close caps, like those of the beauties of Fouesnant.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MR. ODDIE'S COURTSHIP.

BY SHEILA E. BRAINE.

Mr. Markham Oddie was a model lodger, an old bachelor, and a heart-whole man. That is to say, he was all three until the day—considerably past his fortieth birthday—that a special Fate took him in hand, and brought him face to face with the younger of two ladies who had recently come to live in one of the houses opposite. They were evidently mother and daughter; both were comely, and the last-named of the two had one of the sweetest faces it had ever been Mr. Oddie's luck to behold. She happened to drop a small parcel whilst walking along their mutual road, and he hurried after her with it. Immersed in her own thoughts, the lady did not hear him call politely to her, and quite coloured up when the packet was presented; but the smile with which she received it went straight through Mr. Oddie's somewhat antiquated waistcoat. All the evening he thought of that smile, as he read, without the least taking it in, the *Globe* "turn-over," which that night was entitled "Faded Relatives." When he went to bed, he endeavoured, with the aid of three candles, to get an impartial view of that region on the top of his head where the hair ought to have been, but now, alas, was not. That bald spot had not troubled him much up to that time; now he regarded it with mistrust. However, Mr. Oddie comforted himself with the reflection that many men at his age were much balder, and that his moustache was what you might call spruce.

Mr. Oddie had led an amiable, punctual, uneventful existence, going to and returning from the City every week-day with regularity and despatch—the kind of person who is never asked for his season-ticket. He was comfortably off, and had no one dependent upon him; the few relatives he possessed lived in the shires. Now and then a batch of country-cousins came up to town on pleasure bent; Mr. Oddie thereupon exerted himself valiantly to conduct them to Madame Tussaud's, the Tower, the British Museum, and other places of wild excitement. Afterwards he looked a little pale and wan for two or three days, and put up his feet after dinner.

Mr. Oddie had remained a bachelor all these years possibly because nobody had set to work to marry him. It was not that he objected to women; on the contrary, he admired the fair sex, as a whole, quite unreservedly, and had the nicest of dear, old-fashioned notions about them. But he had never given his heart to any one particular woman, and his landlady looked upon him as a fixture.

The returning of that apparently innocent-looking parcel marked an epoch. Life was never the same again to the little old bachelor. He had not watched Miss Hexham's gentle face and well-developed but graceful figure for ten days before he became convinced that it was not good for a corn-dealer to live alone. "It hardened him," said Mr. Oddie to himself, and stirred his coffee with self-reproaching sternness.

"A man wanted softening influences about him"—here he hurled a piece of fried ham to the cat; "he needed a gentle hand to guide and restrain him." Mr. Oddie at this point discovered that he had forgotten to wind his watch up the night before.

The truth was, he was in love, and with a young woman with whom he had never exchanged a syllable. He learned her name from his landlady, an austere person, whose mind was set upon a curious form of religion, and who did not take much thought about frivolous worldly matters. Without objecting to her lodger personally, Mrs. Roper nevertheless entertained no vain hopes that he would be saved at the Last Day. The elect, who were to be caught up on the wings of a great bird, and carried away into the desert for a time, times, and a-half, would be uncommonly few, according to Mrs. Roper's belief. Two hundred from Liverpool, eighty or thereabouts from Northampton, her native place, and a matter of nine or ten thousand from London, the Great Babylon. The number of the saints would indeed be restricted!

Questioned discreetly by her lodger, this worthy but depressing person could tell him little regarding the two ladies who were now the objects of such tender interest to him. They were a Mrs. and Miss Hexham, so she had heard, and Mrs. Hexham was either deaf or dumb, or it might be both, for her daughter talked on her fingers to her, and she answered back in the same way.

"As sharp as lightning they do it, I'm told," remarked Mrs. Roper, heaving a deep sigh; "'tis wonderful, but will it do 'em any good when the Last Trump sounds, that's what I want to know? Will you like a few peas, biled with a sprig of mint, with your dinner to-night, sir?"

Clearly there was not much information to be got out of Mrs. Roper, a woman not given to ordinary gossip. Just then, too, she and her fellow-believers were busy settling the exact number of the elect likely to "go up" from Manchester; her thoughts therefore were fully occupied.

Mr. Oddie's courtship was a very decorous affair. In Spain, despite his years, he would doubtless have adopted the rôle of an "iron-eater," as the youth who goes courting under his lady-love's balcony is styled. But in sober, unromantic England the suitor does not eat iron, or serenade the Queen of his Heart on the guitar. He has to be properly introduced, and the little corn-dealer, knowing this respectable custom,

would have given anything for an introduction which would have allowed him to call and establish friendly relations. The months passed, and still he could not get that thin but necessary end of the wedge in. In a village he would certainly have managed to become acquainted with the Hexhams in a week, but London people pride themselves upon having nothing whatever to do with their neighbours living in the same street. The mother and daughter seemed to have very few friends, and never went out, probably on account of Mrs. Hexham's affliction. It was hard upon the daughter, Mr. Oddie thought, but he admired her all the more for her self-sacrifice. She was an angel if ever there was one.

Miss Hexham became aware of his devotion, of that Mr. Oddie was convinced. When they met—and he took care that they did meet pretty often—he ventured to raise his hat, and smiles were exchanged. But there the affair halted, to the poor little man's frequent despair. He could get no "forrarder." Once, when he attempted to speak, Miss Hexham turned the colour of a red rose, and promptly hurried away.

"I have never been properly introduced, that is why," was Mr. Oddie's anguished reflection. "She must have been exquisitely brought up; the very pink of propriety."

He grew quite thin and lost his appetite, which made Mrs. Roper regard him with concern, for he was a jewel of a lodger, and she did not want to lose him. She suggested a tonic, but Mr. Oddie knew that no tonic would help him—at least, no medicine so-called. He wanted a draught of the magic elixir of love to cure his complaint.

"Something will have to be done," cried the poor man desperately, on the day that he went to the City without a tie, and an unfeeling acquaintance jeered at him and inquired if his liver were out of order. His liver! Perish the thought! It was his heart. He did not know that the first-mentioned organ was considered by the ancients to be the seat of the affections. Mr. Oddie would have consulted a friend, had he owned one who would have sympathised with Love's elderly Dream and not laughed at it. But he decided at length that, like Hezekiah, he would ask for a sign from Heaven. He would send the object of his adoration a bouquet, an anonymous bouquet of the choicest; she would surely guess from whom it came. If she placed it in the window, he would write to Mrs. Hexham, explain himself and his intentions, and request permission to call.

Mr. Oddie took a holiday the day the bouquet was sent off from Covent Garden; to sit still in his office was a thing impossible. He went for a long walk, but where his neat little legs took him he was never able to say.

The next day the agony increased; there was no sign. Mr. Oddie fell plump into the depths of despair, and was convinced that he had offended his lady-love. He had not been properly introduced; the phrase became a perfect nightmare to him.

But the second day there was the bouquet in the window in all its glory, and, moreover, Miss Hexham was bending over it, inhaling its perfume. Mr. Oddie could see her wavy chestnut hair and white forehead. She was a beautiful woman; not too young for a man—ahem!—in his prime. The wonder was that such a treasure had not been snapped up before!

Markham Oddie wrote to Mrs. Hexham: it took him hours and hours to compose the letter, and it was the most deliciously old-fashioned epistle ever penned in a practical century. No nice woman could have read it without being touched. Two whole days elapsed before a little note came in reply—

Mrs. Hexham presents her compliments to Mr. Markham Oddie, and would be pleased to see him, if he could make it convenient to call this evening between eight and nine o'clock.

The note was a formal one; but when the agitated little old bachelor was shown into the sitting-room at "Holmwood," Mrs. Hexham, who was alone, received him with a very kindly smile. Her eyes looked as if she had been crying.

"Please take a seat," she said. "It has been very close all day, has it not?"

"Terribly," answered the visitor. "Do you feel the heat much?"

"Yes, I am afraid I do," was the reply, and Mr. Oddie suddenly recollected that his future mother-in-law was said to be deaf and dumb. This lady was certainly neither.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Hexham, after a pause, "desired me to tell you how very, very grateful she is to you for your letter and the flowers. She has gone away for a short time to stay with friends. She—she thought it best."

Mr. Oddie sat there, unable to utter a word. "She had gone away, because she thought it best." That meant that there was no hope for him.

Mrs. Hexham's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him. "Oh," she cried, "I am so sorry—so very sorry! You are such a good, kind-hearted man, I am sure. Of course, you did not know, or you would not have thought of it."

"Thought of what?" asked Mr. Oddie heavily.

"Of marrying my poor Agatha. You did not know that she is deaf and dumb?"

Mr. Oddie stared at the speaker in blank amazement; it was fully a

WHERE SOME POETS LIE.



COLERIDGE (1772-1834) LIES UNDER HIGHGATE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



GOLDSMITH (1728-1774) SLEEPS IN THE TEMPLE.

minute before he grasped the significance of what she was saying. It was the daughter, not the mother, who was "afflicted," as Mrs. Roper would have phrased it. Never once had this possibility entered Mr. Oddie's head. He was silent, and Mrs. Hexham continued—

"My poor girl is very sensitive, and your kindness went to her heart, I can assure you. I was to be sure and say that she would always keep the most grateful remembrance of you."

Mr. Oddie pulled himself together, and rose to his feet. At this moment there was something almost noble about his rather tubby little figure.

"Madam," he said firmly, "your daughter is an angel, and I love her. Will you have the goodness to give me her address—that is, if you will sanction my asking her to do me the honour to be my wife?"

Mrs. Hexham wiped her eyes and began to smile in an April-like fashion.

"It seems rather unconventional," she said; "but it is not exactly an ordinary case, is it? And I am sure you are a good man. Mr. Sedley,

the vicar, was talking about you only the other day, and saying how charitable you were. Agatha has the sweetest disposition, and she is so quick you hardly realise that she is not like other people. Indeed, I think you would be very happy together."

"I think we three would be very happy together," answered Mr. Oddie, emphasising the "three." He took the widow's hand and kissed it with old-fashioned gallantry.

"Now," he said, "you must tell me where Miss Agatha is, and let me go and try my luck."

It is unnecessary to mention at what unearthly hour Mr. Oddie required his breakfast the next morning, or to state that he hardly ate a mouthful of it. Mrs. Roper began to wonder whether her lodger were under conviction of sin, and mournfully to hope that the brand might be snatched from the burning, even at the eleventh hour.

In the afternoon of the same day, Mrs. Hexham might have been seen reading a telegram, with a beaming face. It was not a long one, for it contained only five words: "Love from Agatha and Markham."



DR. ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748) LIES IN BUNHILL FIELDS, IN THE CITY.



CHAPMAN (1559-1634) LIES IN ST. GILES-IN-THE-FIELDS'



LEIGH HUNT (1784-1853) LIES AT KENSAL GREEN.



D. G. ROSSETTI BURIED HIS MANUSCRIPTS IN HIS WIFE'S GRAVE AT HIGHGATE.

SOME FAMILIAR LONDON COACHMEN.

"Ta-ra! ta-ra! ta-ra!" How the notes blare through the brass as, between half-past ten and eleven o'clock, Northumberland Avenue is gay with the arrival of the coaches which start from one of the three great hotels to which that imposing thoroughfare owes no little of its importance. Coaches—to-day, mere vehicles of pleasure—were almost only yesterday the necessary media of communication between London and the distant towns, but now their four-footed steeds are outdistanced and superseded for business purposes by the fast-revolving wheels of the "iron horse," as, for pleasure, they may be superseded by the rubber-tyred wheels of the automobile.

Fifteen coaches leave London every day during the Season, although there are sixteen on the list, for the Brighton coaches leave only on alternate days, the other days being devoted to the journey back. Sixteen coaches, and they go to fourteen towns—Oxford, Epping, Virginia Water, Dorking, Box Hill, Reigate, Ockham, Guildford, St. Albans, Maidenhead, Windsor, Ascot, and two each to Brighton and Hampton Court. Of these, seven leave from the Victoria, five from the Métropole, one each from the Cecil, the Grand, and the Berkeley Hotel in Piccadilly, while the last, which journeys into Essex, starts from the utilitarian end of London, the non-aristocratic Liverpool Street, on its way to Epping Forest. As various as their destinations are their names, evidently chosen haphazard, and with no regard to the eternal fitness of things. True, some preserve the traditions of the past, but it would be difficult for the outsider to discover a reason for the nomenclature of others. They are the "Age" and the "Comet," the "Essex Express," the "Nimrod," the "Old Times," the "Rocket," the "Shamrock" (bearing no relationship in its ownership to the yacht which every sportsman hopes will in October bring back the America Cup), the "Sportsman," the "Tagliani," the "Tantivy," the "Vale of White Horse," the "Venture," the "Vigilant," and the "Vivid." Of these, the most celebrated is the "Old Times," associated, as it is, with the life of Jim Selby, perhaps the greatest coachman of our generation, who created a record which still remains unbroken, driving to Brighton and back in seven hours fifty minutes, with no man other than himself touching the reins. This coach, which made its first appearance in 1878 on the St. Albans Road, was afterwards driven by Edwin Fownes, the father of the brothers E. K., Arthur, Charles, and Ernest Fownes, who to-day have the reputation of being among the most accomplished whips of the time, a reputation which comes to them by inheritance from their father, who was known by everybody as "Father Fownes." He began his career as a boy on the old "Telegraph," between London and Tunbridge Wells, in turn following the footsteps of his father, who drove the coach from Clapham to London, and started the first line of 'buses from Clapham to London Bridge. The "Old Times" now runs to Virginia Water, over ground it has long traversed, driven by Tom Harveyson, known on the road as

"Smiling Tom," who took over the duties which were performed by Selby until his death in November 1887. After that event, indeed, the coach itself was sold, and fetched no less than 280 guineas, being bought by Mr. H. L. Beckett, who, almost at once, put it on the road again, while now Harveyson is its proprietor. The "Perseverance," which runs to Dorking, has been for twenty-one years on the road, having been originally started by Mr. William Sheather, who was supported, among others, by the present Lord Ancaster, the President of the Four-in-Hand Club, as thorough a sportsman as ever cracked a whip.

The "Rocket," which runs to Box Hill, tooled by Dan Dackombe, used at one time to be associated with the Colchester Road, for from 1889 to 1891 it was run to that town with E. K. Fownes as coachman. Dackombe, who began his career as a guard, has been a coachman for the last thirty-one years, having first driven four horses when he was

twenty-two. He drove the first Harrow coach which ever ran, and the Orleans Club coach, which started from King Street, St. James's, to the Orleans Club at Twickenham, when old Sir John Astley used to be there. He has a record which is excelled probably by few men—if, indeed, it is equalled—of having driven thirty-three years in succession to the Derby, never having missed from the time he was nineteen until this year, and that only through an accident. Like the Fowneses, his father before him was a coachman, and so is his brother to-day. Like many others, too, he entered the aristocratic domain of coaching through the plebeian gates of omnibus-driving—a splendid preparation by reason of the readiness of resource which it engenders.

The "Nimrod," which on alternate days goes down to Brighton, has the reputation of being probably the best-horsed of all the coaches, its four piebalds conspicuous with their yellow blankets with the name of the coach and the device, a fox's head, embroidered on them. It is driven by E. K. Fownes, the eldest of the three brothers, who has been connected with coaching for over thirty years. As he began driving

when he was only fifteen, he has driven all the long-distance coaches, among them the Portsmouth, Eastbourne, Colchester, and Box Hill.

The "Age," which runs to Oxford, is more intimately associated with the modern history of coaching than any of the other vehicles, for it was on the Oxford Road that the revival took place, under the guidance of Mr. Carlton Blyth, who, with Edwin Fownes as professional, put the coach on the road in 1876. In 1877, however, it was withdrawn, to be resumed in the following year, while in the year after that the coach travelled from Oxford to Cambridge by way of London, a distance of 120 miles, necessitating the use of 120 horses, an enterprise of so vast a character that it probably did not pay, for it ceased after that year. The Oxford coach was not resumed until 1891, when Ernest Fownes ran the "Defiance" during that winter. In 1893, however, Mr. W. G. Garrett put on the "Age," backed by several wealthy people, many of them being brewers, and under his guidance it has been running ever since.



D. DACKOMBE DRIVES THE "ROCKET" TO BOX HILL.



W. G. GARRETT DRIVES THE "AGE" TO OXFORD.

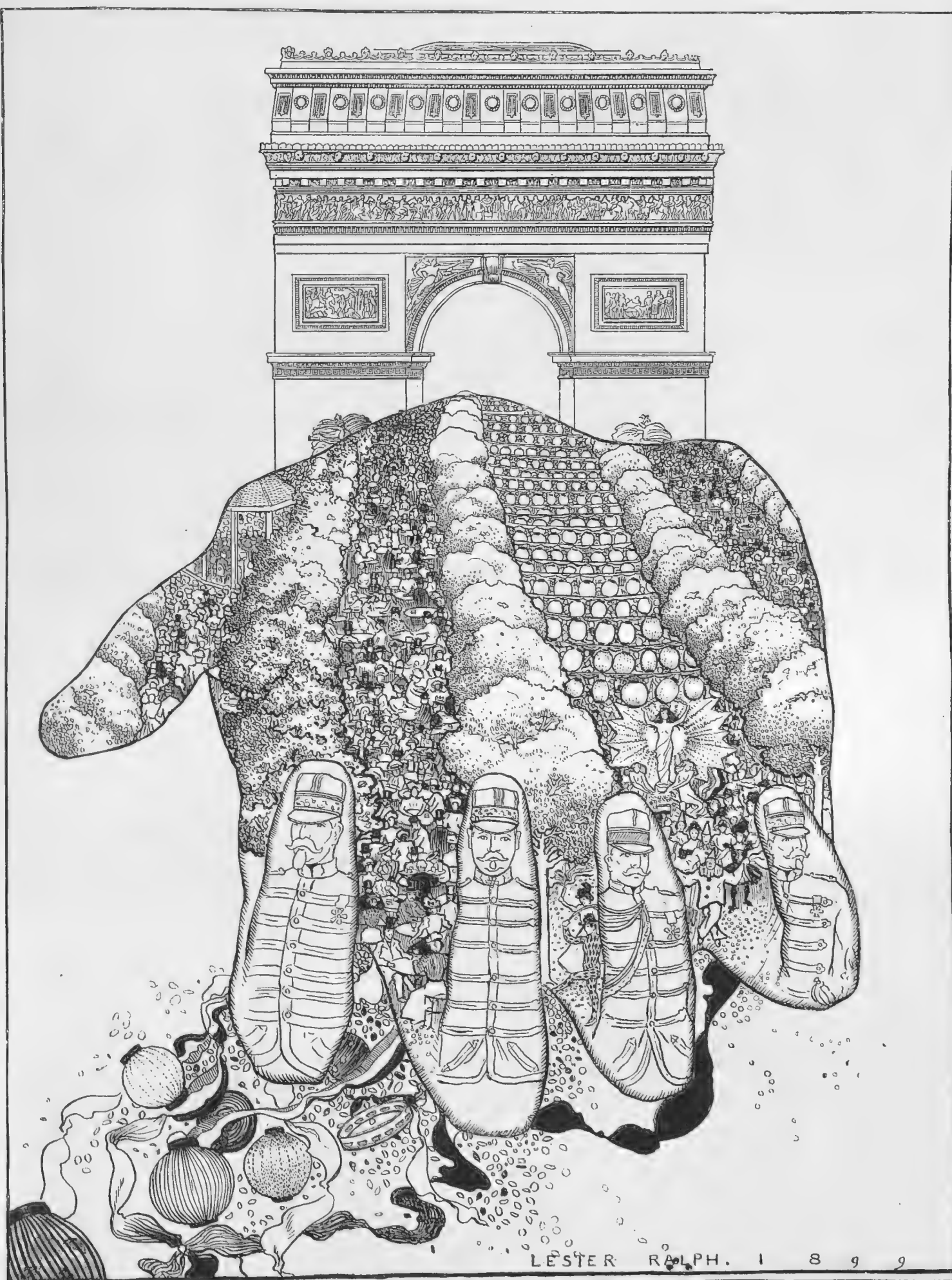


TED FOWNES DRIVES THE "NIMROD" TO BRIGHTON.



TOM HARVEYSON DRIVES THE "OLD TIMES" TO VIRGINIA WATER.

From Photographs by Ball, Regent Street.



P A R I S

GIRL CRICKETERS AT HIGHGATE.

All Highgate turned out the other afternoon to the beautiful grounds of the School to see a cricket match between girls from the Grove School and a thirteen captained by Dr. Fletcher, who takes a keen

bowled when she had scored 8. Miss Gwen Figgis made 17. Five ladies and five men of Dr. Fletcher's team batted, the score being 129 for nine wickets. Miss Brown, of Harrow, made the top score



THE MISSES NORMAN RUN IT OUT.

interest in all outdoor sports and is one of the best whist-players in North London. The ladies, who stayed in two hours and a-half,

of 20, but she was caught by Miss G. Watts, an exceedingly clever fielder. Dr. Fletcher had the best of it in the shape of his bowler,



MISS NORMAN, CAPTAIN OF THE GIRLS' TEAM.



MISS WATTS THROWS A BALL LIKE A BOY.



MISS ANDREWS FIELDS.

scored 99. Miss Mary Norman, who was in nearly the whole time, made the top score. Her elder sister, the captain of the team, was

Miss Little, who astonished everybody by her athletic power. Indeed, the match showed the girls *can* play cricket when they like.



MISS MARY NORMAN BATTING.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

More than thirty years ago, when Ibsen was not even a name to us here, the Danish critic Brandes had taken him seriously, analysed him, found fault with him, and yet set him on a high pedestal. It would have much astonished the rest of Europe to behold him there at that time. Fifteen years later, Ibsen had done so much more work, and had developed so surprisingly, that Brandes wrote another account of him, giving extracts from his correspondence with the dramatist which threw much-needed light on his poetical and social ideals. And last year he wrote once more a *compte-rendu* of the whole work of Ibsen up to "John Gabriel Borkmann." The three essays, which have been put into English along with one on Björnson, are now presented to us under the editorship of Mr. William Archer, and published by Mr. Heinemann. They form at once the completest and the profoundest study of the dramatist which exists anywhere to my knowledge, and, like all really good things, they have something to say to partisans and to hostile critics.

The distinguishing mark of Brandes as a critic is his supreme interest in the man behind the writer. Those who know his little book on Ferdinand Lassalle must recognise that a student of human nature rather than a student of social theories is its author. And, whether his more famous book on Shakspeare has added anything or not to our actual knowledge, it contained, at least, a most ingenious and most valiant effort to paint for us the living image of the marvellous man. So here, in this study of the Norwegian writer, personality is made to count for a great deal, and rightly so. By aid of light thrown, not indiscreetly, but significantly, on a strange career and a difficult character, he brings us nearer to an understanding of how much and how little Ibsen means than does any other critic whatsoever. The attitude in the three Impressions is not the same. It is growingly admiring, and every reader may not make progress in the same direction. But Ibsenites who have adopted their faith because it is the fashion will be startlingly awakened in these pages to see what a puzzle, a contradiction, what a really alarming person is their idol; and those who have been only too well aware of his incomprehensibility may find that, at least, he can be accounted for by the light of Dr. Brandes' completer knowledge, if he cannot be shown to be all of one piece.

Ibsen's is a nature to reflect with intensity in his writings his own experiences. His critic shows him for long years imitating others, influenced by others, then suddenly, violently, and for ever throwing off the neighbourly yoke, asserting himself, and making henceforward of himself sole guide and criterion. He has never assumed an amiable form of speech, and he says, regarding the assertion of individuality, things that will certainly shock. This, for instance—

Friends are a costly luxury, and, when one invests one's capital in a vocation or a mission in life, one cannot afford to have friends. The expensiveness of friendship does not lie in what one does for one's friends, but in what one, out of regard for them, leaves undone. This means the crushing of many an intellectual germ.

It is like him not to refer to the gifts which one individuality bestows on another. To take an individualist of this temper as a master (save in art), a guide, a leader of thought, is the very height of absurdity. "There are diseased potatoes and there are sound potatoes," said Brandes to him in expostulation. "I am afraid none of the sound potatoes have come under my observation," was the answer. And he wrote in that spirit. He has written likewise in contradiction of it. The writer of "A Doll's House" is commonly regarded as the champion of the rights of women. He felt very differently at one time. Says this critic—

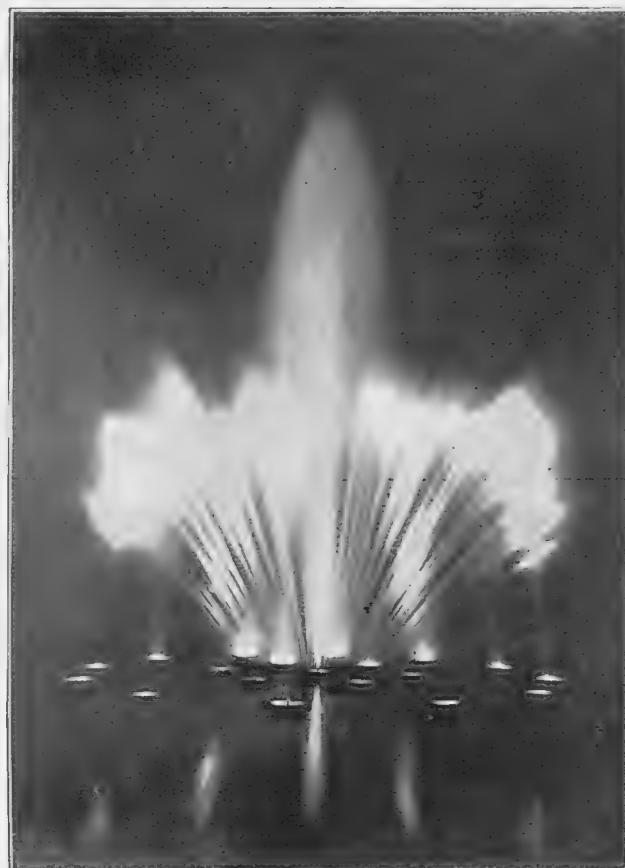
If I remember rightly, he disliked John Stuart Mill's book on the woman question, and Mill's personality as a writer inspired him with no sympathy. Mill's assertion or confession that he owed much, and that the best, in his writings to his wife, seemed especially ridiculous to Ibsen, with his marked individualism. "Fancy," he said, smiling, "if you had but to read Hegel or Krause with the thought that you did not know for certain whether it was Mr. or Mrs. Hegel, Mr. or Mrs. Krause, you had before you!"

Some of Ibsen's dramas were conceived at moments when he thought nearly all men were fools, and looked, perhaps out of mere contrariness, to women for the salvation of the world. But there is no certainty that he may not change his mind and repudiate the sex with violence. In short, there is no sure ground at all, if you take Ibsen as a guide to doctrine, and yet there is enough of the pedagogue about him to aspire to teach. He is a real thinker, but he sees in bits. He is eminently capricious and unstable. The sum of his thought is chaos. His claim is as an imaginative writer, an artist, who captures you in the most unlikely ways, who by the veriest prose compels you to feel him as a real poet, who forces and keeps your attention and admiration for what before you would have sworn was sordid and dull—and surely it is enough. But there is a mystery. He is the idol of such as have no interest in dramatic skill, of persons who would be infinitely shocked outside his drama by a great many of his opinions, if his uncertain attitudes can be called by so definite a name. I fear Dr. Brandes' book may make these a little uncomfortable. Dr. Brandes is one of the frankest critics among Ibsen's admirers, yet he is not frank enough. He looked boldly at the work of the dramatist once, as his first and second Impressions bear evidence. Now it has overcome him by the simple force of its extreme part. Many readers, looking over this record of Ibsen's life and work, will probably come to the conclusion that his creations are pigmy if placed by those of the great masters of drama, but that he has revealed in difficult, capricious fashion a very interesting personality, and that as a stage artist he has perhaps never been equalled.

o. o.

THE FOUNTAINS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The latest effort of the Crystal Palace people to make the place more attractive is the electrical installation of fountains, of which I reproduce two photographic examples, inadequate, of course, as all black-and-white



work must be in such a case. This combination of fire and water was first attempted at Chicago, and later on at Pittsburg. Below the spot where the old fountains used to play, large underground apartments have been built, and filled with powerful machinery and electrical apparatus, fitted by Mr. Darlington, of Philadelphia, the pioneer of this form of illumination. In these apartments there are two vertical triplet pumps capable of throwing a jet of water two hundred feet into the air. The adjoining underground room is roofed with a series of circular tubes fitted with plate-glass, which is level with the surface of the water. Underneath each funnel is a powerful arc-light and projector, and between the light and the funnel, and a little to one side, are the coloured glasses with which the colour-effects are produced. At



present there are six funnels, with eight coloured glasses each, so that you can understand the number of colours that can be thrown on the water. The whole thing is worked from an eyrie high up on the garden front of the Crystal Palace, connected with the fountains by six hundred wires. The installation has cost £15,000.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

Madame Kitty Berger is a very clever zither-player. Hers is a very uncommon and beautifully designed instrument, made of selected and valuable American woods by a German, Franz Scharzer, in Missouri, and inlaid with gold and precious stones. It has great resonance and forty-four strings, including six finger-board strings. Its shape is that of a small harp, but it is placed on a table, when played, like the ordinary zither, which, however, is little more than a toy compared with it. It combines the qualities of the violin and the harp, and its tone is so sonorous, yet withal so sweet, that it is capable of filling very large concert-rooms, while, under her skilful fingers, it can be made as soft and dreamy as the notes of the most beautiful human voice.

After hearing Madame Berger play, Madame Patti became so enamoured of the instrument that she at once determined to study it. Now she practically plays nothing else, and often sings to her own accompaniment on it. The instrument she uses is a copy of Madame Berger's. They are great friends, and constantly play duets together when Madame Berger goes to Craig-y-Nos Castle.

After finishing her studies in Germany, her native land, Madame Berger came to England to start her professional career, bringing with her the highest introductions, and appeared before her Majesty at Windsor. Madame Berger is now in London on her annual visit, but her engagements on "the other side" prevent her stay being prolonged into the autumn.

Mr. Robert Loraine makes a steady advance in his profession, and has come apparently to stay in the place which Mr. Terriss vacated so tragically. He looks exceedingly picturesque as Lieut. Dudley Keppel in "One of the Best," which, by the way, has been cast in the form of a story by Mr. Seymour Hicks.

I notice that estimable trade journal, the *Pottery Gazette*, has been lamenting the neglect of its particular art or branch of industry shown by the noble army of novelists, and that the melancholy fact is recorded sympathetically by the *Academy*. Now, the editor of the latter paper is, or was, something of an authority on stage matters, and really he might

even if they have not had their memories refreshed, as mine has been, by witnessing quite recently Mr. Charles Cartwright's admirable assumption of the same Palissy-recalling rôle.

There was talk of building a theatre in Fashoda Place, Fulham, and there is, or was, a Hotel Fashoda near Gower Street Station. A similarly "patriotic" designation may be traced to the top of Drury Lane, where a by no means imposing block of "dwellings" has been dignified with the high-sounding name of "Kitchener Flats."

Ibsen, of course, was a leader of the van in the bestowing of zoological play-titles, as witness "A Wild Duck," and lately the good cause has been strongly reinforced in London. The naughty "Cuckoo" has been followed by the "Weather Hen," comparatively barren as regards the laying of golden eggs, and now we have just had the noisy "Wild Rabbit" and Miss Florence Warden's "nibbling" and squealing "Guinea Pigs." Why not choose some more ferocious, and hence more interesting, animals? Lions or panthers (What is a panther, as contradistinguished from a leopard?), or serpents, or alligators, for instance. "The Serpent's Toils" and "The Trail of the Serpent" have already, I think, been used, and there seems a certain familiarity about "Crocodile Tears."

The modern operatic tenor, bass, or baritone by no means despises the music-hall when other engagements are uncertain or irregular, and the latest artist of rank to grace the variety boards is Mr. Barton McGuckin, who has apparently forsworn singing in opera, for the present at any rate.

The voices of actors who are, euphemistically, "resting" are again heard complaining of the number of amateurs who go on the stage. Aristocratic women with a fancy for "walking on" even go on tour in the autumn with companies, and not all of them are like Miss Blair, for some are accompanied by two maids.

A music-hall proprietor in Liverpool is having a theatre built at Seacombe, Cheshire, which he intends to call "The Irving." Is this the first time a theatre has been called after a famous actor in his lifetime?

All the way from Brazil comes this picture of Miss Iris Fenton, who appeared in a series of performances given by the Pernambuco Amateur



MISS KITTY MASON, OF DAILY'S.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



MR. LORAINÉ IN "ONE OF THE BEST."

Photo by Ellis, Baker Street, W.



MADAME BERGER, A ZITHER-PLAYER.

Photo by Fry, South Kensington.



MISS IRIS FENTON.

From a Photograph.

have reassured his *Pottery* contemporary by stating that what novelists have left undone one of our leading dramatists has long ago done. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, that is to say, extolled the inventive potter to the skies, or rather, perhaps to the "sky-borders," in "The Middleman." The staff of the *Pottery Gazette* surely heard of Mr. E. S. Willard's fine performance of Cyrus Blenkarn in "The Middleman" ten years ago,

Club (Brazil) in aid of the new organ for the British Consular Chapel. The programme consisted of Mr. Edmund Gurney's one-act play for a child-actress, entitled "Grandad's Darling," "Pygmalion and Galatea," Mr. Edward Rose's version of "Vice-Versa," and Mr. Zangwill's farce, "The Great Demonstration." Miss Fenton made the "hit" of the evening, and received a silver medal from the club.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Aug. 8, 8.33; Thursday, 8.32; Friday, 8.30; Saturday, 8.28; Sunday, 8.26; Monday, 8.24; Tuesday, 8.21.

Great complaints are being made by riders in the Boston district. The land there is especially suitable for growing early potatoes, and thousands of tons are being sent weekly to the great Midland towns. The consequence is that the roads are so cut up by the waggons which convey the potatoes to the various stations that they are rendered exceedingly difficult and in some parts almost dangerous for cyclists. The more ardent votaries of the wheel have expressed a wish that farmers could be obliged to have their waggon-wheels as wide as those of traction-engines, but there does not seem much prospect that this will ever be done.

A correspondent, writing from Copenhagen, says that the Danish capital is entirely given over to the cyclists. They seem to have taken complete possession of the city, which just now is looking lovely. The streets are thronged with riders, a large proportion of whom are women, and they ride, as a rule, exceedingly well, but far too quickly to be altogether safe in the streets of a large town. To be quite candid, the police regulations regarding cyclists in Copenhagen leave much to be desired, and the non-cycling part of the population complain bitterly of the danger and inconvenience caused by reckless riding of a kind which would not be tolerated in London or Paris. The Danish woman copies her English sister in her neat, serviceable short skirt, loose cotton blouse, and sailor-hat; there are scarcely any feminine wearers of knickerbockers to be seen, and good seat and correct ankle-action is almost universal. Denmark is an ideal country for the cyclist—flat, pretty, well wooded, and with good roads. It is becoming quite a common thing for parties of cyclists to go on tour through Jutland during the summer months.

It is difficult for two or three cyclists to meet together without the conversation drifting towards the mile-a-minute topic. To travel at such a pace seems incredible, and yet we have the undoubted fact before us that the American rider, Murphy, actually did cover a mile in exactly 57½ sec. All the information that has reached this country only increases the marvel in one's mind that the feat, bewildering and daring and foolish, was accomplished without an awful disaster. Murphy persuaded one of the railway companies to prepare him a special track between the metals and to lend an engine and a car with a special hood to shield him from the wind. The track was fifty inches wide and two and a-half miles long, which allowed five-eighths of a mile to get up speed and seven-eighths to slow up in. We can only judge from the newspaper accounts of the marvellous ride. One paper that lies before me says that at the start Murphy was so nervous he could hardly steer his machine; that, in fact, the train started without him, but he quickly recovered himself and caught it up. The first quarter of a mile took 15 sec., the second 14 sec. Then Murphy began to fall behind; he got four feet outside the wind-shield, or about nine feet from the car. Of course, everybody thought the attempt was a failure.

At this point Murphy raised his head, gave one look after the car, then lowered it again. Everyone watched him as they had never watched before; foot by foot he was seen to be gaining, and at the three-quarter mark he was only five feet behind. Imagine, if possible, what the man had to do to gain nine feet in under half-a-mile on a train doing the quarter in under 14 sec.

When the mile was over and the train began to slacken speed, Murphy knocked into the rear of the car. There were outstretched arms to catch him, and he was pulled aboard. He fainted dead away, but a doctor who was present soon revived him. Though the ride was simply wonderful, it is not to be commended, because there are plenty of reckless cyclists who will want to go one better. There is already talk of an English rider proposing to cover a mile in forty seconds. But he will have to follow much the same recipe as Mrs. Glasse gave for cooking a hare: he will first have to catch his railway. We can all hope that for once our railways will turn a deaf ear to the wheelman's appeal and determinedly say, "No!"

As far as I have heard, there is only one "trailer" in England. Yet in America they are popular, and they are rapidly becoming the vogue in

Paris. A "trailer" is a neat, slim-built tricycle for a lady. But, instead of the lady propelling the machine herself, she has a towing-line attached to the bicycle of a gentleman friend who rides immediately in front. It is very excellent sport—for the lady. Even for the man it is by no means hard, so long as he has no uphill work to do. Bicycles and tricycles are made with such exquisite adjustment nowadays that once the "trailer" starts it runs quite easily.

One excellent thing that has developed rapidly this summer is the cyclists' church service. Of course, for years there have been church parades. But about these there was often a smack of ostentation and vulgarity, a rather unwise condescension on the part of some clergyman, a crowd of not over well-mannered wheelmen filling the church, and a general shaking of the head by the "unco guid" that this was a sad way of spending the Sabbath. Very happily, all that is being changed. And, whatever bolts of sarcasm we may pitch at "Society" folks who took up wheeling as a fad, they did undoubtedly raise the tone of cycling as a pastime. You are no longer a common person because you ride a bicycle, and your sister is no longer a forward minx because she rides one. The attitude of the public mind, and especially the feminine public mind, towards cycling is the best argument I know against being too cocksure about what is proper and not proper. When I hear a superior middle-aged lady, with grown-up daughters, sniff at some lapsing from the conventional by somebody else's daughters, I am moved to exclaim, "Madam, you and your daughters now ride bicycles. Pray, what were your opinions on lady cyclists before you rode yourself?"

But on this question of church-going by cyclists, undoubtedly for some years a sort of stigma rested on wheelers who took their pleasure on Sunday. They were regarded as low, vulgar men, who, if not scorching on the highway, were behaving boisterously in some adjoining inn. But now a much better social type can be ranked among the Sunday cyclists, men who are neither scorches nor patronisers of pothouses, but who cycle on the Sunday because they are tied to business all the week, and Sunday is the only day when they can get into the country and smell the sweet smell of the fields. It would be worse than uncharitable to call these men Sabbath-breakers. The reason, hitherto, they have not gone to church has been because of the unapproving side-glances at their flannel shirts and knickerbockers. But the objection is dying away. There are a lot of good-hearted, warm-handed parsons in the land who cycle and who have been inviting the cyclists of the neighbourhood to church. In the history of wheeling, this year, 1899, will have as its distinguishing feature the shaking of hands between church and cycle.

New phases in the world of cycle-freakdom are constantly breaking out. There is a man seeking the permission of some big factory-owner

to be hauled to the summit of his tallest chimney and there spend six days riding round the ledge, to the amazement of the world below. He says he can make a lot of money this way. The great chimney will be plastered with advertisements, and as thousands of people will come to the place with the expectation of seeing him topple off, while they are waiting for this to happen, they can, of course, be entertained and instructed by reading the advertisements.

There is a little dispute going on as to which club really introduced bicycle-polo into the United Kingdom. There is no doubt, however, that the real introducers were the members of the Ohne Hast Cycling Club, Dublin, who began to play in 1891 under a code of rules drawn up by Mr. R. J. Meeredy. Since then the game has been played in Dublin continuously. Last year an association was formed and a championship organised, which proved very successful. Mr. Meeredy brought two teams to London, in order that cyclists might see what the game was like as played under the Irish rules, and he instructed a Birmingham club and assisted in getting them started, with the result that the National Cyclists' Union have now taken up bicycle-polo and have recognised the Irishmen as the pioneers of the game by adopting the Irish rules. The Scottish Cyclists' Union is about to introduce the game into the Land o' Cakes, and two of the best Irish teams, the Rathelaren Rovers and the Ohne Hast, have been giving public displays in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

J. F. F.



CYCLISTS AT ALDBURY VILLAGE STOCKS AND WHIPPING-POST.
Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

That the folly of systematically backing jockeys' mounts is without rhyme or reason is demonstrated by the statistics that are published from week to week. So far, only a couple of riders have shown a winning balance for any considerable time, and it would not take many defeats to turn their profit to loss. A good jockey is bound to affect the price at which a horse starts, whether the animal be a good one or a bad one, and it is seldom that a mount of M. Cannon—one of the two jockeys referred to—is left out in the cold in the betting. Probably Cannon is our best rider at the present time, and to that I trace the smallness of the winning balance against his name. But that good riding alone does not secure profit is shown by the fact before-mentioned, that only two jockeys are the right side up.

Elsey, who turned out more winning horses than any other trainer last year, is in a fair way to repeat his performance. But although he trains such a large number of winners, when the value of races won is reckoned the Baumber trainer has to take a rather insignificant place. John Porter and Huggins are a long way ahead of all others from a monetary point of view, Porter taking first place simply and solely through the tremendous winnings of Flying Fox. As much credit is due to Elsey though as to Porter, for the horses have to be sent out fit for their races, and it is to his cleverness in this matter that Elsey owes his many successes.

I could not help thinking, as I watched various wretched attempts at starting races this last few weeks, how conservative and insular John Bull is, and how, the more power he wields, his conservatism—obstinacy, if you like—grows in comparison. For years a few of us have been grinding away at the same old tune—the starting-gate, and the very tardy result is that next year two-year-old races will be started by the gate. That it has come to stay I have no doubts at all, but my grievance now is that for a season or two more we shall have to put up with the wretched flag system with the older horses. With these it is the sprint races that are the chief cause of bother, a flying start meaning so much. The Jockey Club would, therefore, do well to reduce the number of five-furlong gambles.

Read between the lines, the betting on certain races this season has formed a wonderfully interesting study. I have noticed one or two horses at the top of the handicap finish nearer last than first, and the occurrence has been accompanied by a lack of quotation in the betting. The handicapper has taken so little heed that the horses have still remained at the head of affairs; but, strange to relate, I have subsequently seen them come home by themselves, but only when they have been startlingly well backed—in fact, absolute favourites. This out-for-an-aiming business is not conducive to the best interests of sport, to say the least.

South Country sportsmen don't often get a chance of going up to the Paisley Meeting—very often it clashes with Brighton, and few care to miss the breezes down South. This year, however, the fixture list allows of a visit to the merry little meeting in the North. Happy-go-lucky are the methods associated with the sport in the Shawl District. A good tale in that connection is told of Andy Anderson, who once tackled a defaulting punter at Kempton Park with "What about the forty-five I've got down against you in the book over Paisley?" "Rub it off, sir; rub it off," replied the indignant backer. "Who the deuce ever thinks of paying over Paisley?"

Another meeting with features all its own is Redcar, famous not only for its sport, but also its yellow sands—more than one thoroughbred with dicky understandings has been exercised on these—and the scantiness of its hotel accommodation. Consequent upon the latter, charges are high, and the man who can get just a bed and nothing more for less than half-a-sovereign must be accounted lucky. This drawback aside, Redcar induces happiness by its health-giving breezes from the wild German Ocean. Add to this a goodly number of winners backed and good sport—the latter is always seen at Redcar—and what more can the average sporting-man wish for?

CAPTAIN COE.

AN AMATEUR CARAVAN.

Some little time ago a showman was brought up at Southwark, a Vestry official having stated that his vehicular residence was insanitary. The owner of the caravan was naturally indignant, and, for the edification of the Bench, remarked, "My van is the healthiest place in the world. A week in it is as good as a fortnight at the seaside. Why, the Duke of Newcastle himself has been in it, and it is nothing uncommon for parties of the upper classes to have it for a week or a fortnight in summer-time for country excursions. Insanitary! Why it is a little paradise! Anybody living in it never needs to pay doctor's bills." After a panegyric like the above, and from a professional caravanist too, nothing further need be said in favour of the Gipsy existence, though it is doubtful, so conservative are we in our ideas of comfort, whether the seaside apartment is doomed to a speedy extermination in favour of the van.

The Duke of Newcastle, as is implied by the showman's remark, is extremely interested in caravan life, and is himself the possessor of a caravan in which he has made occasional tours during the summer months. This van, "The Bohemian," which is said to have cost £1500, is fitted up to accommodate three persons, and contains such luxuries as a cooking-range, a piano, typewriter, and dark-room—it was, indeed, his favourite hobby of photography that first led his Grace to follow the example of the eminent "caravanist," Dr. Gordon Stables, whose twenty-foot "Wanderer" is so well known on the roads of Great Britain. The "Wanderer" has been aptly styled a land-yacht, her interior economy being arranged somewhat on the lines of a sea-going vessel; she boasts of a saloon six feet wide, connected up with an after-cabin by means of folding doors, and is altogether a most compact and convenient residence.

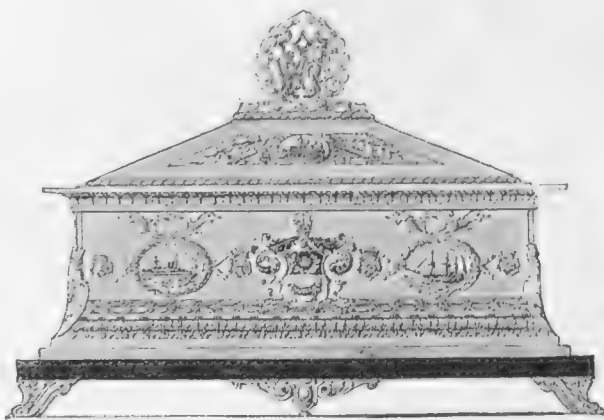
A short time ago it was stated that a clergyman of considerable note, who was supposed by his parishioners to take his vacation on the Continent, instead of doing so, regularly joined a troop of Gipsies and lived the vagrant Gipsy life until his holiday was over and he once again had to occupy his pulpit.

Some two or three years ago, certain of the Perthshire and Aberdeenshire villages were awakened from their accustomed serenity by the appearance of a large vehicle, drawn by three horses and labelled in bulky letters "The Raiders." The vehicle, which bore a strong resemblance to a furniture-van into which windows had been let, was draped with the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. Under the circumstances, the surmise of the native, that the vehicle contained the "props" of a travelling theatrical company performing the latest melodrama dealing with Dr. Jameson's famous ride, was natural, but it transpired that the van was occupied by some American students who had elected to be independent of hotels and railways and the attendant expenses of the same.

At a recent Gipsy wedding, where the bride received a pint-pot full of sovereigns as a gift, the bridegroom and bride drove off from the church on their honeymoon trip in their future residence, which had been specially built for them at a cost of £150; a more pleasant form of honeymoon it would be difficult to devise, and certainly no happy couple could ask for a more complete *solitude à deux* than is afforded by a caravan built for two. An abandoned caravan ought to be as uncommon a sight as a dead donkey, for, according to ancient Gipsy rites, when the owner dies all his property is destroyed. A Gipsy woman having died near Slough some years ago, her son dutifully shot the horse and forthwith burned the remaining property, including the van belonging to the deceased, an act, in view of the value of the goods destroyed, that speaks much for the sense of filial obligation in her son and heir.

A SELF-MADE MAN.

Sir William White, designer of the recently launched battleship *Vengeance*, is, unlike poets, honoured in his own country. He has just been presented with the freedom of Devonport, of which he is a native. Sir William has risen by his own exertions from the position of a dockyard apprentice to that of Chief Constructor of the Navy and designer of three hundred battleships, cruisers, and torpedo-destroyers. The casket, which is the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, is modelled in sterling silver gilt. It is oblong in form, with classic mouldings, bearing upon the obverse the full blazon of the Arms of Devonport, flanked on the one hand by a view of the *St. George*, the vessel upon which Sir William was engaged when he first entered Devonport Dockyard, and on the other by the *Ocean*, one of the largest and finest



CASKET PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF DEVONPORT TO
SIR WILLIAM WHITE.

vessels afloat. Similar caskets, also containing the freedom of the borough, were simultaneously presented to Aldermen Ryder and May. Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Sheffield and London, were the designers and modellers of the three elegant caskets, and have fully sustained their reputation.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

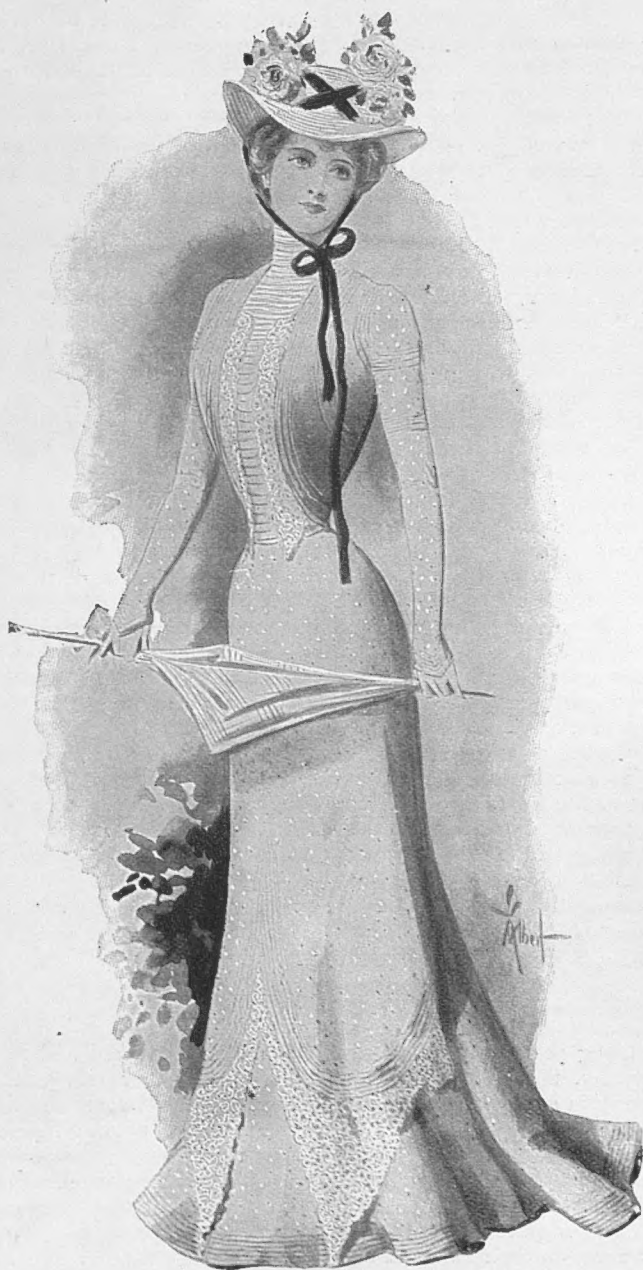
FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Cowes, which has always made a splendid finish to the festivities of the Season, came off this year in delightful weather, and more than ever international interest. The sporting instinct which has developed so much in our French neighbours of late years seems now to take the particular form of yachting, which more than any other amusement is at present affected by the better classes and golden youth of fair France.

Great hopes were centred in Count Boni de Castellane's smart yacht, the *Anna*, and the little American Countess brought over a good many

collar of white satin embroidered in little green anchors completed this excellent altogether, which was worn by Madame de Pourtales on the last day of the regatta.

White batiste had a great innings too, and nothing is more suitable or popular for hot weather, given that it is of the very finest quality and cut by a master tailor. Though lace is not equally utilitarian, it is so pretty and so becoming a material that the best dressmakers cannot be persuaded to relinquish it, even though autumn ices may cry aloud for a more practical form of habiliment. The last and most successful manner of treating lace is now to thread it through with tiny velvet or little narrow coloured ribbons, as the case may be. Point-de-Venise and all



CHARMING SIMPLICITY.



A RACE-GOWN.

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smart Parisiennes to see her namesake take the floor in English waters, if one may be allowed the Hibernicism. The *Anna* is a beautiful boat, fitted up with all the luxury that skill and money can command; but she seems to have been overweighted in her first engagement, and that, together with an error in making her course, doubtless gave Mr. Edward Hore's fine boat vantage-ground. It is more on the merits of clothes than scientific steering I would discourse here, however. So, in returning to my legitimate subject, I may remark that nearly all the Frenchwomen who came over for "le Cowes" wore the jauntiest possible of sea-going costumes, and have once more set us an example of infinite taste and *chic*. A clever adaptation of an Eton-jacket done in pervenche-blue serge trimmed with small silver buttons, and made to indicate the daintiness of a midshipman's jacket at the same time, was a most fetching get-up. A broad waistband of pale-green watered silk and a

the good laces are treated at the moment in this way. Another manner of the up-to-date modiste is to pull little puckers of mousseline-de-soie through the interstices of an open-patterned lace, which gives the most fascinating possible effect for yoke, sleeves, and even tunics. These little frothy billows of froncee chiffon drawn through the lace form one of the prettiest trimmings that can be accomplished or imagined. With the clinging skirts that are still rigorously enforced by Madame Mode, this diaphanous yet shapely method of adornment is more appropriate than any other system of decoration one can think of.

Alpaca comes much into the order of our going too, now that trunks and railway-tickets are in the exclusive possession of our daily interests, and I have seen a putty-coloured alpaca, trimmed with faille of its own colour, and slit up at both sides of the square apron to show a white tucked silk skirt with close lines of baby black velvet, which combined in itself

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possesses, and, although the new companies make their appearance in their usual hundreds, the Miscellaneous Market certainly seems to have got very little out of them.

To begin with, the Cycle companies got into fresh difficulties at the very beginning of January. Secondly, there came the Millwall Dock disclosures in February. The Government's Telephone proposals and the Vimbos action made a thirdly in March. As if these were not enough, the disastrous report of Crisp's came in April, quickly followed by a severe "slump" in Telegraph descriptions, owing to the wireless telegraphy scare. May was pretty quiet, but in June a whole lot of Industrial companies got into trouble over their reports. Septimus Parsonage was one, A. J. White and Co. another. A committee was appointed to look into Kent Coal finance affairs. In July the Welsbach Company came to loggerheads with the Sunlight; the Government's proposals to buy out the Niger Company were sharply criticised. The All-British Cable scheme had a depressing effect upon Telegraph things, and the Electric Market went very flat. All, however, has not been so sombre, and there are bright spots in the picture. We will take a few representative shares to show the fluctuations in the straggling Miscellaneous Market—

	Jan. 3.	July 31.	Change.
Aerated Bread	13½	15	+ 1½
Lyons	6½	6¾	+ ¼
Armstrongs	3½	4½	+ 1
Vickers	4½	5	+ ½
Coats	71	75	+ 4
English Sewing Cotton ...	1¾	1½	- ¼
Allsopp Ord.	149	144	- 5
Gordon Hotels	20½	18	- 2½
Spiers and Pond	19½	15	- 4½
Hudson's Bay	21½	21	- ½
Lipton	2½	2½	-
London Gen. Omnibus ...	200	210	+ 10
Welsbach Ord.	98	78½	- 19½

Eastern Telegraph stock fell from 175½ to 151, and there has been an all-round decline in the prices of oriental Telegraph issues. We reserve another paragraph for dealing with

MORE MISCELLANEOUS COMPANIES.

Here, as before mentioned, severe losses have been sustained by some of the Electric Lighting Companies, but Gas stocks mainly show an appreciation. These are some of the figures—

	Jan. 3.	July 31.	Change.
Charing Cross and Strand Elec. ...	12	10	- 2
City of London Elec.	23	11½	- 11½
Commercial Gas	312½	318½	+ 6
Metropolitan Elec.	18	14½	- 3½
St. James's Elec.	16½	16½	None
South Metropolitan Gas	137½	142½	+ 5

The fall in Electric shares is due very largely to a reaction after the "boom" of last year, but the Metropolitan companies have suffered in consequence of the high-handed action of the Corporation in dealing with the City of London Company.

Millwall Dock Capital stock stood at 58 on the first business-day of the year; it is now about 30, for well-known reasons. East and West India Dock issues are all some points below the prices on Jan. 3, and it has not been a good seven months for Dock stockholders. Bank shareholders have come off much better, and most of the big London banking institutions are capitalised by the market higher than they were at the beginning of the year. London and South-Westerns, for example, have risen quite 11 points, and Westminster's are 3 pounds better. Cycle shares had a little "boomlet" all of a sudden, but prices deflated quite as quickly when the temporary support was withdrawn.

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

The year opened badly for the Kaffir Circus; a new and unexpected issue of shares by the Chartered Company cast a gloom over the whole market, which had returned from its New Year's celebrations prepared to "make things better all round." But a few weeks later on mysterious buying began; prices moved upwards, slowly at first, but with ever-increasing force. By the middle of February a "boomlet" was in full swing, but a sharp relapse took place upon the death of President Faure, fears being entertained of a popular rising.

The Transvaal trouble began to loom really large in March, but, upon Kruger promising "reforms," the market took fresh heart of grace. A revival in Rhodesian shares about this time helped to strengthen the Kaffir Market. Mr. Rhodes was busy interviewing the German Emperor with regard to the projected railway, and Chartered shares underwent lively developments at that exciting time. The Rhodesian activity lasted for some few weeks, but dealings were mainly confined to professionals, and the first dividends of Rhodesian mining concerns, announced in April, were considered comparatively poor, having regard to the price of the various shares. Chartered lost some of their improvement when at the meeting in May Mr. Rhodes suggested a Debenture issue of three millions sterling.

But a far greater blow was struck at the Kaffir Market by the complete failure of the Conference at Bloemfontein between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger early in June. Since then the course of the market has been very nervous, despite the splendid returns every month, and apprehensions of an outbreak of hostilities have damped the spirits of the most consistent "bulls." On balance, however, rises largely predominate, if we compare prices at the beginning of the year with those of July 31 last. Chartered have risen from 3½ to 3¼;

Consolidated Goldfields from 5½ to 7½, an advance of 2½; South African Gold Trust from 4½ to 5½. Turning to the Gold share market, East Rand at 7½ had risen 10s., while Rand Mines were over 7 better at 41, ex their maiden dividend of 100 per cent. Randfontein went up ½, Modders added 5 to their price, reaching 11½. These are but a few of the more important changes, and in the Rhodesian department the rise is continued. Of the Diamond shares, De Beers at 28½ compare with 27 at the beginning of the year, while Jagers have jumped up over 4 points, to 13½.

WEST AUSTRALIANS.

It seems strange to remember, after all the mad excitement over Kangaroo shares during the last few weeks, that in the earlier months of 1899 the market was, to all intents and purposes, moribund. The contract of the Great Boulder Proprietary Company with its milling agents came in for an extraordinary amount of attention, and a great rise was witnessed in Peak Hill shares, while Horseshoes thundered up by pounds at a time. But it is quite recently that the market has gone ahead at such a tremendous pace, and some little idea of the result can be gained by a glance at this table—

	Jan. 3.	July 31.	Rise.
Associated	6½	12½	+ 6
Golden Link	½	3½	+ 2½
Golden Horseshoe	18¾	15¼	+ 27
(equals 45½)			
Great Boulder Perseverance ...	4½	13½	+ 8½
Ivanhoe	6½	14½	+ 7½
Kalgurli	7	11½	+ 4½
Lake View	9½	27½	+ 17½
Peak Hill	3	7	+ 4
Sons of Gwalia	2	5	+ 3

A sensational rise in Chaffers, brought about by the report that the company had struck the Golden Horseshoe lode, has been one of the features of the seven months. The year has been practically barren so far as Bottomley's things are concerned.

THE COPPER BOOM.

Quite one of the main features of the year has been the fast and furious gambling in Copper shares, as well as in the metal itself. The huge ring that was formed in America to obtain control of all the copper in the world led to the flotation of a Combine Company with a capital of fifteen million dollars. Cape Copper, however, have actually fallen a pound per share in the seven months. The Mount Lyell group has risen, and those who acted upon our advice last February to buy North Mount Lyells at 3½ have already a profit of 10s. a share. The sensation has, of course, been furnished by Rio Tintos, which, beginning the year at a trifle under 32, were 46 on July 31, or 14 points better. Utah at 9 have almost doubled their value in the seven months, and Anaconda show a rise of 4½, at 11½. Namaquas and Copiapo are also a pound to the good, but Libiolas have shed an eighth.

INDIAN AND MISCELLANEOUS MINES.

Indian Mines show considerable irregularity when it comes to comparing prices with those of seven months back. We return to tabular form to elaborate our assertion—

	Dec. 31, 1893.	July 31, 1899.	Rise or Fall.
Champion Reef	4½	5½	+ ½
Coromandel	1½	1½	- ½
Mysore	5½	5½	+ ½
Nundydroog	3½	3	- ½
Ooregum	3½	3½	+ ½

The rise in Mysore is rather surprising, bearing in mind the outbreak of plague in India. The Nundydroog Company even yet is harassed by the after-effects of the flooding of the mine, and a fire broke out on the Champion Reef's property.

The Broken Hill companies are slow to justify the faith of their supporters, and the shares of the parent concern are easier on the year. British Broken Hills, however, mark a seven-and-sixpenny rise, to 14s. 6d. Australians, too, began the year at 1s. 3d., and, after rushing up to nearly eight times that amount, receded to 5s. 6d. There was a feeble attempt to infuse a little life into the cheaper South Africans, on the strength of the Kaffir "boom," but the effort soon fizzled out. The Graskop Company has undergone yet another reconstruction. St. John del Rey, with remarkable steadiness, exhibit a rise of a shilling, and Tolima "A" at 2½ have moved up a pound. This market has become virtually dead, and many of its dealers have emigrated of late to the more active West Australian section.

Thursday, Aug. 3, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SCOTIA.—Not bad as a very speculative investment. We hear good reports of the company.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Bank Holiday, we have to go to press earlier than usual this week. Will correspondents kindly accept this explanation if they find their letters unanswered? Their inquiries shall be dealt with next week.

The first batch of allotment letters for the issue of £100,000 Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock of the Jarrah Timber and Wood-Paving Corporation, Limited, have been posted.